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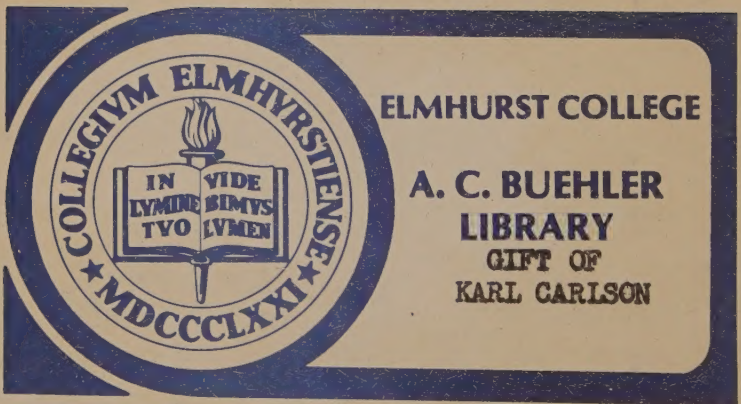
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SELECTED WORKS
OF ARTEMUS WARD

SELECTED WORKS OF ARTEMUS WARD

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

Lamont

ALBERT & CHARLES BONI
NEW YORK 1924

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PREFACE

Charles Farrar Browne, known to the world as Artemus Ward, was born ninety years ago in Waterford, Maine. He died at an age when most of us are only beginning to mature—thirty-three. Little more can be told of him by way of formal biography. Mr. Don C. Seitz lately employed himself upon a labour of love by seeking out and publishing all that is known, probably, of the externalities of Ward's life. Mr. Seitz has made the most of what was put before him, and in so doing he has done good service to the history of American letters; yet one closes his fine volume with a keen sense of how little he had to do with, a sense of the slightness and insignificance of his material. All Ward's years were *Wanderjahre;* he had no schooling, he left a poor rural home at sixteen to work in neighbouring printing-offices; he tramped West and South as a compositor and reporter; he wrote a little, lectured a little, gathered up odds and ends of his writings and dumped them in a woeful mess upon the desk of Carleton, the publisher, to be brought out in two or three slender volumes; he went to New York, then to London, saw as much of collective human life in those centres as he had energy to contemplate; he wrote a few pages for the old

Vanity Fair and for *Punch,* gave a few lectures in Dodworth Hall on Broadway and Egyptian Hall on Piccadilly; and then he died. Little enough of the *pars magna fui* is to be found here for the encouragement of a biographer; Mr. Seitz, I repeat, is to be congratulated on his intrepidity. It is surely a remarkable thing that one whose experience was limited by the span of thirty-three years, whose literary output was correspondingly scanty, and whose predicable hold upon the future was as slight and hazardous as Mr. Seitz shows Ward's to have been, should have managed to live nearly a century; and it is perhaps more remarkable that he should have done it in a civilization like ours, which is not over-careful with literary reputations and indeed does not concern itself deeply with spiritual achievement or spiritual activity of any kind.

Yet that is what Artemus Ward has somehow managed to do, and Mr. Seitz is on hand with a bibliography of eighteen pages, closely printed in small type, to prove it. Some measure of proof, too, is probably to be found in the fact that a new issue of Ward's complete works came out in London two years ago, and that an American firm has taken thought to publish this present volume. How, then, has Ward contrived to live so long? As a mere fun-maker, it is highly improbable that he could have done it. Ward is officially listed as the first of the great American humorists; Mr. Albert Payson Terhune even commemorates him as the man

"who taught Americans to laugh." This is great praise; and one gladly acknowledges that the humorists perform an immense public service and deserve the most handsome public recognition of its value. In the case of Ward, it is all to Mr. Terhune's credit that he perceives this. Yet as one reads Ward's own writings, one is reminded that time's processes of sifting and shaking-down are inexorable, and one is led to wonder whether, after all, in the quality of sheer humorist, Artemus Ward can quite account for his own persistent longevity. In point of the power sheerly to provoke laughter, the power sheerly to amuse, distract and entertain, one doubts that Ward can be said so far to transcend his predecessors, Shillaber and Derby. In point of wit and homely wisdom, of the insight and shrewdness which give substance and momentum to fun-making, it would seem that Ward's contemporary, Henry W. Shaw, perfectly stands comparison with him. The disparity, at all events, is by no means so obvious as to enable one to say surely that the law of the survival of the fittest must take its course in Ward's favour. One is therefore led to suspect either that Ward's longevity is due to some quality which he possessed apart from his quality as humorist, some quality which has not yet, perhaps, been singled out and remarked with sufficient definiteness, or else that it is due to the blind play of chance.

Several considerations tell against the hypothesis of accident. It might be enough to say

flatly that such accidents do not happen, that the passing stream of printed matter is too full and swift to permit any literary flotsam to escape being caught and swept on to oblivion by its searching current. Two other considerations, however, may be remarked as significant. First, that Ward very soon passed over—almost immediately passed over, the transition beginning even in the last few months of his life—passed over from being a popular property to become a special property of the intelligent and civilized minority; and he has remained their special property ever since. In his quality of humorist he could hardly have done this. Even had he really been the man who taught the Americans to laugh, disinterested gratitude could hardly be carried so far. Artemus Ward himself declined to weep over the memory of Cotton Mather, saying simply that "he's bin ded too lengthy"; and such, more or less, are we all, even the intelligent and civilized among us. Ward was, in his time, a popular property in virtue of his singularly engaging personality, his fine and delicate art as a public speaker and his brilliant dealing with questions and affairs of current interest. But his presence is no longer among us, and the affairs of profoundest public interest in his day are hardly as much as a memory in ours. No power of humour in dealing with those affairs could serve to continue him as a cherished property of the intelligent, any more than it could serve to restore him as a popular property now that those affairs,

and the interest that they evoked, have disappeared. His continuance must be accounted for by another quality than those which he shared with his predecessors and contemporaries who have not taken on a like longevity.

The second consideration is that Ward has always been the object of a different and deeper regard in England, where his humour is alien, than in America where it is native. It has long been difficult to get a copy of his complete works in this country, even at second hand; the last edition was published by Dillingham in 1898. In London one buys them over the counter, and I think one has always been able to do so. Since the Dillingham edition, Ward has been kept alive in America chiefly in edited issues like Mr. Clifton Johnson's, of 1912, and this present volume; and also in anthologies and in essays by many hands. These have, however, I think invariably, presented him as a humorist, and without taking account of the quality which has given his work the vitality that it seems to possess. The English writers have done, on the whole, rather better; but even they did not strike straight through to this quality, disengage it from those that made up his strictly professional character, and hold it out in clear view; though there is evidence that they themselves had glimpses of it. They were for the most part content, like Ward's own countrymen, to accept him as a humorist and to assume that he kept his place in literature on the strength of his humour; and they were not

aware, apparently, that this assumption left them with a considerable problem on their hands. Mr. Seitz quotes Ward's own view of the quality that gives power and permanence to his work—I too shall quote it presently, as it is admirably explicit—and oddly enough, without perceiving that it leaves him with a considerable problem on *his* hands; a problem which, if he had attended to it, might have caused him to change the direction of about three-fourths of his book.

No, clearly it is not by the power of his humour that Ward has earned his way in the world of letters, but by the power of his criticism. Ward was a first-class critic of society; and he has lived for a century by precisely the same power that gave a more robust longevity to Cervantes and Rabelais. He is no Rabelais or Cervantes, doubtless; no one would pretend that he is; but he is eminently of their glorious company. Certainly Keats was no Shakespeare, but as Matthew Arnold excellently said of him, he is *with* Shakespeare; to his own degree he lives by grace of a classic quality which he shares with Shakespeare; and so also is Ward with Rabelais and Cervantes by grace of his power of criticism.

Let us look into this a little, for the sake of making clear the purpose for which this book is issued. I have already said that Ward has become a special property, and that he can never again be a popular property, at least until the coming of that millennial time when most of our

present dreams of human perfectability are realized. I have no wish to discourage my publishers, but in fairness I have had to remind them that this delectable day seems still, for one reason or another, to be quite a long way off, and that meanwhile they should not put any very extravagant expectations upon the sale of this volume, but content themselves as best they may with the consciousness that they are serving a vital interest, really the ultimate interest, of the saving Remnant. Ward is the property of an order of persons—for order is the proper word, rather than class or group, since they are found quite unassociated in any formal way, living singly or nearly so, and more or less as aliens, in all classes of our society—an order which I have characterized by using the term *intelligence*. If I may substitute the German word *Intelligenz*, it will be seen at once that I have no idea of drawing any supercilious discrimination as between, say, the clever and the stupid, or the educated and the uneducated. *Intelligenz* is the power invariably, in Plato's phrase, to see things as they are, to survey them and one's own relations to them with objective disinterestedness, and to apply one's consciousness to them simply and directly, letting it take its own way over them uncharted by prepossession, unchanneled by prejudice, and above all uncontrolled by routine and formula. Those who have this power are everywhere; everywhere they are not so much resisting as quietly eluding and disregarding all social pressure which tends to mechanize

their processes of observation and thought. Rabelais's first words are words of jovial address, under a ribald figure, to just this order of persons to which he knew he would forever belong, an order characterized by *Intelligenz;* and it is to just this order that Ward belongs.

The critical function which spirits like Ward perform upon this unorganized and alien order of humanity is twofold; it is not only clearing and illuminating, but it is also strengthening, reassuring, even healing and consoling. They have not only the ability but the *temper* which marks the true critic of the first order; for, as we all know, the failure which deforms and weakens so much of the able second-rate critic's work is a failure in temper. Take, for example, by way of a comparative study in social criticism, Rabelais's description of the behaviour of Diogenes at the outbreak of the Corinthian War, and put beside it any piece of anti-militarist literature that you may choose; put beside it the very best that M. Rolland or Mr. Norman Angell or even Count Tolstoy himself can do. How different the effect upon the spirit! Or again, consider in the following pages the pictures which Ward draws of the village of Baldwinsville under stress of the Civil War. Not one item is missing of all that afflicted the person of *Intelligenz* in every community at some time in the last ten years. Ward puts his finger as firmly as Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. H. L. Mencken have put theirs, upon all the meanness, low-mindedness, greed,

viciousness, bloodthirstiness and homicidal mania that were rife among us—and upon their exciting causes as well—but the person of *Intelligenz* turns to him, and instead of being further depressed, as Mr. Russell and Mr. Mencken depress him, instead of being further overpowered by a sense that the burdens put upon the spirit of man are greater than it can bear, he is lifted out of his temporary despondency and enervation by a sight of the long stretch of victorious humanity that so immeasureably transcends all these matters of the moment. Such is the calming and persuasive influence of the true critical temper, that one immediately perceives Ward to be regarding all the untowardness of Baldwinsville *sub specie æternitatis,* and one gratefully submits to his guidance towards a like view of one's own circumstances.

The essential humanity of Abraham Lincoln may be largely determined in one's own mind, I think, by the fact that he made just this use of Artemus Ward. Mr. Seitz tells us how, in the darkest days of the Civil War, Lincoln read the draft of his Emancipation Proclamation at a special meeting of his Cabinet, and, to the immense scandal and disgust of his associates, prefaced it by reading several pages from Ward. The incident is worth attention for the further establishment of the distinction drawn among men by the quality of *Intelligenz.* Seward, Chase, Stanton, Blair, had ability, they had education; but they had not the free, disinterested play of consciousness upon their environ-

ment, they did not instinctively tend to see things as they are, they thought largely by routine and formula, they were pedantic, *unintelligent*—that is precisely the word that Goethe, the greatest of critics, would have applied to them at once. Upon them then, naturally, Lincoln's performance made the impression of mere impudent levity; and thus one is directly led to see great force in Ward's sly suggestion that Lincoln should fill up his Cabinet with showmen! Alas! how often the civilized spirit is moved to wish that the direction of public affairs might be taken out of the hands of those who in their modesty are fond of calling themselves "practical" men, and given over to the artists, to those who at least have some theoretical conception of a satisfying technique of living, even though actually they may have gone no great way in the mastery of its practice.

In another place Mr. Seitz tells us how the great and good John Bright, the Moses of British political liberalism, attended one of Ward's lectures in London, sat gravely through it, and then observed that "its information was meagre, and presented in a desultory, disconnected manner"! The moment I read that, I laid down the book, saying to myself, *Behold the reason for liberalism's colossal failure!* The primary failure of liberalism is just the failure in *Intelligenz* that we see so amusingly indicated in the case of Mr. Bright; its secondary failure, as we saw in the case of the late Mr. Wilson, for example, is a failure in the high and sound char-

acter that depends so largely upon *Intelligenz* for its development. Can one imagine that Ward would be more intelligible to representative British liberals since Bright's day, or that he would make a more serious and salutary impression upon the energumens who in this country are busily galvanizing some of Mr. Wilson's political formulas into a ghastly simulacrum of life, and setting them up as the soul and essence of liberalism—upon ex-Justice Clarke, for example, or ex-Secretary Baker or Mr. George Foster Peabody? One smiles at the thought of it.

Ward said of writers like himself that "they have always done the most toward helping virtue on its pilgrimage, and the truth has found more aid from them than from all the grave polemists and solid writers that have ever spoken or written. . . . They have helped the truth along *without encumbering it with themselves.*" I venture to italicize these remarkable words. How many good causes there are, to be sure, that seem hopelessly condemned and nullified by the personality of those who profess them! One can think of any number of reforms, both social and political, that one might willingly accept if only one need not accept their advocates too. Bigotry, arrogance, intolerance, self-assurance, never ran higher over public affairs than in Ward's day, yet he succeeded in putting upon all public questions the precise critical estimate that one puts upon them now in the perspective of fifty years; its

correspondence with the verdict of history is extraordinarily complete. It would be nothing remarkable if one should arrive now at a correct critical estimate of the Negro question, for example, or of the policy of abolition, or of the character and qualities of public men of the day, or of the stock phrases, the catchwords and claptrap that happened for the time being to be the stock-in-trade of demogoguery; but it is highly remarkable that a contemporary should have had a correct critical estimate of them, and that he should have given to it an expression so strong and so consistent, and yet so little *encumbered with himself* as to be wholly acceptable.

Really, there are very few of the characteristic and distinctive qualities of American life that Ward's critical power left untouched. I read somewhere lately—I think in one of Professor Stuart P. Sherman's deliverances, though I am not quite sure—that Americans are just now very much in the mood of self-examination, and that their serious reading of novelists like Mr. Sinclair Lewis or Mr. Sherwood Anderson, and of essayists like Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn or Mr. Mencken, is proof that they are in that mood. I have great doubts of all this; yet if it be true, I can but the more strongly urge them to re-examine the work of a first-rate critic, who fifty years ago drew a picture of our civilization that in all essential aspects is still accurate. Ward represents the ideal of this civilization as falling in with one only of the several instincts

that urge men onward in the quest of perfection, the instinct of expansion. The claim of expansion is abundantly satisfied by Ward's America; the civilization about him is cordial to the instinct of expansion, fosters it, and makes little of the obligation to scrupulousness or delicacy in its exercise. Ward takes due pride in relating himself properly to the predominance of this instinct; he says that by strict attention to business he has "amarsed a handsum Pittance," and that when he has enough to permit him to be pious in good style, like his wealthy neighbours, he intends to join the Baldwinsville church. There is an ideal of civilized life for you, a conception of the progressive humanization of man in society! For the claim of instincts other than the instinct of expansion, Ward's America does nothing. It does nothing for the claim of intellect and knowledge (aside from purely instrumental knowledge) nothing for the claim of beauty and poetry, the claim of morals and religion, the claim of social life and manners.

Our modern school of social critics might therefore conceivably get profit out of studying Ward's view of American life, to see how regularly he represents it, as they do, as manifesting an extremely low type of beauty, a factitious type of morals, a grotesque and repulsive type of religion, a profoundly imperfect type of social life and manners. Baldwinsville is overspread with all the hideousness, the appalling tedium and enervation that afflict the sen-

sitive soul of Mr. Sinclair Lewis. The young showman's courtship of Betsy Jane Peasley exhausts its resources of romance and poetry; its *beau ideal* of domesticity is completely fulfilled in their subsequent life together—a life fruitful indeed in certain wholesome satisfactions, but by no means such as a "well-formed mind would be disposed to relish." On the side of intellect and knowledge, Baldwinsville supports the editor of the *Bugle* as contentedly as New York supports Mr. Ochs and Mr. Munsey, and to quite as good purpose; it listens to the schoolmaster's views on public questions as uncritically as New York listens to Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler's, and to quite as good purpose. Baldwinsville's dominant type of morals is as straitly legalistic, formal and superficial as our own; its dominant type of religion is easily recognizable as the hard, dogged, unintelligent fanaticism with which Zenith confronted Mr. Sinclair Lewis. We easily recognize the "dissidence of Dissent and the protestantism of the Protestant religion," which now inspires the Anti-Saloon League, and which informs and animates the gentle ministrations of the Ku-Klux Klan.

Thus Ward, in his own excellent phrase, powerfully helps along the truth about civilization in the United States; and all the more powerfully in that, unlike Mr. Lewis and Mr. Mencken, he does not so encumber it with himself, so overload it with the dragging weight of his own propensities, exasperations, repug-

nances, that his criticism, however accurate and interesting, is repellant and in the long run ineffectual. Often, indeed, his most searching criticism is made by indirection, by the turn of some phrase that at first strikes one as quite insignificant, or at least as quite irrelevant to any critical purpose; yet when this phrase once enters the mind it becomes pervasive, and one finds presently that it has coloured all one's cast of thought—and this is an effect which only criticism of the very first order can produce. For instance, consider the first sentence that he writes in a letter to his wife from the Athens of America:

> Dear Betsy: I write you this from Boston, 'the Modern Atkins' as it is denomyunated, altho I skurcely know what those air.

Nothing but that. Yet somehow when that little piece of exquisite raillery sinks in, it at once begins to put one into just the frame of mind and temper to meet properly the gentle, self-contained provincialism at which it was directed. Let the reader experiment for himself. Let him first recall the fearfully hard sledding he had on his way through, say, Mr. Barrett Wendell's "History of American Literature," or the recent volume of Mrs. Field's reminiscences; let him remember the groan of distress that now and then escaped him while reading Mr. Howells's really excellent novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Then with this sentence in mind, let him try reading any one of the three

books again, and see how differently it will impress him.

After the same fashion one may make quite good headway with Mr. Villard's biography of John Brown if one's spirit is cleared and steadied by Ward's inimitable critique of "Ossawatomie Brown, or, the Hero of Harper's Ferry." Amidst the squalor of our popular plays and popular literature, one preserves a decent equanimity by perusing Ward's reviews of East Side theatricals and of Forrest's "Othello," and his parodies of the cheap and lurid romances of his day. Our popular magazines take on a less repellant aspect when one remembers how, after three drinks of New England rum, Ward "knockt a small boy down, pickt his pocket of a New York *Ledger*, and wildly commenced readin Sylvanus Kobb's last Tail." No better criticism of our ludicrous and distressing perversion of the religious instinct can be found than in his account of his visit to the Shakers, the Free Lovers and the Spiritualists. Never was the depth and quality of routine patriotism more accurately measured than by this, from the account of his visit to Richmond after the surrender:

> I met a man today—I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is an old and inflooential citizen of Richmond, and sez he, "Why! we've bin fightin agin the Old Flag! Lor bless me, how sing'lar!" He then borrer'd five dollars of me and bust into a flood of tears.

Again, how effective is Ward's criticism of the mischievous and chlorotic sentimentalism

to which Americans seem invariably to give their first allegiance! During the Civil War the popular regard for motherhood was exploited as viciously as during the last war, or probably in all wars, and Ward's occasional reflections upon this peculiarly contemptible routine-process of militarism are more effective than any indignant fulminations of outraged common sense; as when he suggests, for instance, that "the song writers air doin' the Mother bisness rayther too muchly," or as when in another place he remarks that it seems about time somebody began to be a little sorry for the old man. He touches another fond topic of sentimentalism in his story, which I must quote, of leaving home as a boy to embark in the show business. Where can better criticism than this be found?

> You know, Betsy, that when I first commenced my career as a moral exhibitor with a six-legged cat and a Bass drum, I was only a simple peasant child—skurce 15 summers had flow'd over my yoothful hed. But I had sum mind of my own. My father understood this. 'Go,' he said, 'Go, my son, and hog the public!' (he ment 'knock 'em,' but the old man was allus a little given to slang). He put his withered han' tremblingly onto my hed, and went sadly into the house. I thought I saw tears tricklin down his venerable chin, but it might hav' been tobacker juice. He chaw'd.

But I must end these illustrations, which I have been tempted perhaps unduly to multiply and enlarge upon because their author has never

yet, as far as I am aware, been brought to the attention of modern readers in the one capacity wherein he appears to me to maintain an open communication with the future—the capacity of critic. In conclusion I cannot forbear remarking the spring, the abounding vitality and gusto, that pervades Ward's work, and pointing out that here too he is with Rabelais and Cervantes. The true critic is aware, with George Sand, that for life to be fruitful, life must be felt as a *joy;* that it is by the bond of *joy,* not of happiness or pleasure, not of duty or responsibility, that the called and chosen spirits are kept together in this world. There was little enough of joy going in the society that surrounded Ward; the sky over his head was of iron and brass; and there is even perhaps less joy current in American society now. But the true critic has his resources of joy within himself, and the motion of his joy is self-sprung. There may be ever so little hope of the human race, but that is the moralist's affair, not the critic's. The true critic takes no account of optimism or pessimism; they are both quite outside his purview; his affair is one only of joyful appraisal, assessment and representation.

Epitaphs are notably exuberant, but the simple line carved upon Ward's tombstone presents with a most felicitous precision and completeness, I think, the final word upon him. "His name will live as a sweet and unfading recollection." Yes, just that is his fate, and there is none other so desirable. *Mansueti possidebunt*

terram, said the Psalmist, the *amiable* shall possess the earth; and so, in the long run, they do. Insight and wisdom, shrewdness and penetration—for a critic these are great gifts, indispensable gifts, and the public has regard for their exercise, it gives gratitude for the benefits that they confer; but they are not enough of themselves to invest a critic's name with the quality of a sweet and unfading recollection. To do this they must communicate themselves through the medium of a temper, a prepossessing and persuasive amiability. Wordsworth showed himself a great critic when he said of his own poems that "they will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, and will in their degree be efficacious in making men wiser, better and happier"; and it is just because of their unvarying co-operation with the benign tendencies in human nature and society that Ward's writings have made him in the deepest sense a possession, a cherished and ennobling possession, of those who know him.

My publishers suggested that I should make such arrangement of the following material as would best suit my purpose of presenting Ward as a critic; and I have accordingly put together, first, his comment on politics and public affairs, and next his observations on cultural matters, and finally a number of miscellaneous pieces, each of which contains some bit of criticism too valuable to be disregarded. There seemed no impropriety in this, since Ward himself never

made any arrangement of his writings, the traditional arrangement having been made by the publisher, Carleton. In the matter of spelling, as Mr. Seitz shows in his quotations from early communications to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* Ward seems to have been working his way towards a certain rough consistency and tending to become less and less arbitrarily grotesque; so sometimes where variants occurred, I saw no impropriety in making choice of the form that seemed most clearly to reflect these tendencies.

ALBERT JAY NOCK.

THE CRISIS*

[This Oration was delivered before the commencement of the war.]

On returnin to my humsted in Baldinsville, Injianny, resuntly, my feller sitterzens extended a invite for me to norate to 'em on the Krysis. I excepted & on larst Toosday nite I peared be4 a C of upturned faces in the Red Skool House. I spoke nearly as follers:

Baldinsvillins: Hearto4, as I hav numerously obsarved, I have abstrained from having any sentimunts or principles, my pollertics, like my religion, bein of a exceedin accommodatin character. But the fack can't be no longer disgised that a Krysis is onto us, & I feel it's my dooty to accept your invite for one consecutive nite only. I spose the inflammertory individooals who assisted in projucing this Krysis know what good she will do, but I ain't 'shamed to state that I don't, scacely. But the Krysis is hear. She's bin hear for several weeks, & Goodness nose how long she'll stay. But I venter to assert that she's ripping things. She's knockt trade into a cockt up hat and chaned Bizniss of all kinds tighter nor I ever chaned any of my livin wild Beests.

*This term became fixed in current demagoguery upon the publication of H. R. Helper's book entitled "The Impending Crisis."

Alow me to hear dygress & stait that my Beests at present is as harmless as the new-born Babe. Ladys & gentlemen needn't hav no fears on that pint. To resoom—Altho I can't exactly see what good this Krysis can do, I can very quick say what the origernal cawz of her is. The origernal cawz is Our Afrikan Brother. I was into Barnim's Moozeum down to New York the other day, & saw that exsentric Ethiopian, the What Is It. Sez I, "Mister What Is It, your folks air raisin thunder with this grate country. You're gettin to be ruther more numeris than interestin. It is a pity you coodent go orf sumwhares by yourselves, & be a nation of What Is Its, tho' if you'll excoose me, I shooden't care about marryin among you. No dowt you're exceedin charmin to hum, but your stile of luvliness isn't adapted to this cold climit." He larfed into my face, which rather Riled me, as I had been perfeckly virtoous and respectable in my observashuns. So sez I, turnin a leetle red in the face, I spect, "Do you hav the unblushin impoodents to say you folks haven't raised a big mess of thunder in this brite land, Mister What is It?" He larfed agin, wusser nor be4, whareupon I up and sez, "Go home, Sir, to Afriky's burnin shores & taik all the other What Is Its along with you. Don't think we can't spair your interestin picters. You What Is Its air on the pint of smashin up the greatest Guv'ment ever erected by man, & you actooally hav the owdassity to larf about it. Go home, you low cuss!"

I was workt up to a high pitch, & I proceeded

to a Restorator & cooled orf with some little fishes biled in ile—I b'leeve they call 'em sardeens.

Feller Sitterzens, the Afrikan may be Our Brother. Sevral hily respectyble gentlemen, and sum talentid females, tell us so, & fur argyment's sake I mite be injooced to grant it, tho' I don't beleeve it myself. But the Afrikan isn't our sister & our wife & our uncle. He isn't sevral of our brothers & all our fust wife's relashuns. He isn't our grandfather, and our grate grandfather, and our Aunt in the country. Scacely. & yit numeris persons would have us think so. It's troo he runs Congress & sevral other public grosserys,* but then he ain't everybody & everybody else likewise. [Notiss to bizniss man of *Vanity Fair:* † It's a goak.—A. W.]

But we've got the Afrikan, or ruther he's got us, & now what air we going to do about it? He's a orful noosanse. Praps he isn't to blame fur it. Praps he was creatid fur sum wise purpuss, like the measles and New Englan Rum, but it's mity hard to see it. At any rate he's no good here, & as I statid to Mister What Is It, it's a pity he cooden't go orf sum whares quietly by hisself, whare he cood wear red weskits & speckled neckties, & gratterfy his ambishun in varis interestin

*At this time liquor was sold at retail in grocery stores or "groceries," and also in the refreshment-rooms of the Capitol. Mr. John Camden Hotten remarks that Ward makes here a sly comparison "betwixt two American institutions which should be, but are not, very dissimilar in certain popular features."

† An illustrated comic periodical which Ward edited for a short time.

wase, without havin a eternal fuss kickt up about him.

Praps I'm bearin down too hard upon Cuffy. Cum to think on it, I am. He wooden't be sich a infernal noosanse if white peple would let him alone. He mite indeed be interestin. And now I think of it, why can't the white peple let him alone. What's the good of continnerly stirrin him up with a ten-foot pole? He isn't the sweetest kind of Perfoomery when in a natral stait.

Feller Sitterzens, the Union's in danger. The black devil Disunion is trooly here, starein us all squarely in the face! We must drive him back. Shall we make a 2nd Mexico of ourselves? Shall we sell our birthrite for a mess of potash? Shall one brother put the knife to the throat of anuther brother? Shall we mix our whisky with each others' blud? Shall the star-spangled Banner be cut up into dishcloths? Standin here in this here Skoolhouse, upon my nativ shore so to speak, I anser—Nary!

Oh you fellers who air raisin this row, & who in the fust place startid it, I'm 'shamed of you. The Showman blushes for you, from his boots to the topmost hair upon his wenerable hed.

Feller Sitterzens, I am in the Sheer and Yeller leaf. I shall peg out 1 of these dase. But while I do stop here I shall stay in the Union. I know not what the supervisors of Baldinsville may conclude to do, but for one, I shall stand by the Stars & Stripes. Under no circumstances whatsomever will I sesesh. Let every Stait in the Union sesesh & let Palmetter flags flote thicker

nor shirts on Square Baxter's close line, still will I stick to the good old flag. The country may go to the devil, but I won't! And next Summer, when I start out on my kampane with my Show, wharever I pitch my little tent, you shall see floatin prowdly from the center pole thereof the Amerikan Flag, with nary a star wiped out, nary a stripe less, but the same old flag that has allers flotid thar! & the price of admishun will be the same it allers was—15 cents, children half price.

Feller Sitterzens, I am dun. Accordingly I squatted.

THE WAR FEVER IN BALDINSVILLE.

As soon as I'd recooperated my physikil system, I went over into the village. The peasantry was glad to see me. The skoolmaster sed it was cheerin to see that gigantic intelleck among 'em onct more. That's what he called me. I like the skoolmaster, and allers send him tobacker when I'm off on a travelin campane. Besides, he is a very sensible man. Such men must be encouraged.

They don't git news very fast in Baldinsville, as nothin but a plank road runs in there twice a week, and that's very much out of repair. So my nabers wasn't much posted up in regard to the wars. 'Squire Baxter sed he'd voted the dimicratic ticket for goin on forty year, and the war was a dam black republican lie. Jo. Stackpole, who kills hogs for the 'Squire, and has got a powerful muscle into his arms, sed he'd bet 5 dollars he could lick the Crisis in a fair stand-up fight, if he wouldn't draw a knife on him. So it went—sum was for war, and sum was for peace. The skoolmaster, however, sed the Slave Oligarky must cower at the feet of the North ere a year hed flowed by, or pass over his dead corpse. "Esto perpetua!" he added. "And sine qua non also!" sed I, sternly, wishin to make a impression onto the villagers. "Requiescat in pace!"

sed the schoolmaster. "Too troo, too troo!" I anserd, "it's a scanderlus fact!"

The newspapers got along at last, chock full of war, and the patriotic fever fairly bust out in Baldinsville. 'Squire Baxter sed he didn't b'lieve in Coercion, not one of 'em, and could prove by a file of *Eagles of Liberty* in his garrit, that it was all a Whig lie, got up to raise the price of whisky and destroy our other liberties. But the old 'Squire got putty riley, when he heard how the rebels was cuttin up, and he sed he reckoned he should skour up his old muskit and do a little square fitin for the Old Flag, which had allers bin on the ticket *he'd* voted, and he was too old to Bolt now. The 'Squire is all right at heart, but it takes longer for him to fill his venerable Biler with steam than it used to when he was young and frisky. As I previously informed you, I am Captin of the Baldinsville Company. I riz gradooally but majesticly from drummer's Secretary to my present position. But I found the ranks wasn't full by no means, and commenced for to recroot. Havin notist a gineral desire on the part of young men who are into the Crisis to wear eppylits, I determined to have my company composed excloosively of offissers, everybody to rank as Brigadeer-Ginral. The follerin was among the varis questions which I put to recroots:

Do you know a masked battery from a hunk of gingerbread?

Do you know a eppylit from a piece of chalk?

If I trust you with a real gun, how many men

of your own company do you speck you can manage to kill durin the war?

Hav you ever heard of Ginral Price of Missouri, and can you avoid simler accidents in case of a battle?

Hav you ever had the measles, and if so, how many?

How air you now?

Show me your tongue, &c., &c. Sum of the questions was sarcusstical.

The company filled up rapid, and last Sunday we went to the meetin house in full uniform. I had a seris time gittin into my military harness, as it was bilt for me many years ago; but I finally got inside of it, tho' it fitted me putty clost. Howsever, onct into it, I lookt fine—in fact, aw-inspirin. "Do you know me, Mrs. Ward?" sed I, walkin into the kitchin.

"Know you, you old fool? Of course I do."

I saw at once she did.

I started for the meetin house, and I'm afraid I tried to walk too strate, for I cum very near fallin over backards; and in attemptin to recover myself, my sword got mixed up with my legs, and I fell in among a choice collection of young ladies who was standin near the church door a-seein the sojer boys come up. My cockt hat fell off, and sumhow my coat tales got twisted round my neck. The young ladies put their handkerchers to their mouths and remarked, "Te he," while my ancient female single friend, Sary Peasley, bust out into a loud larf. She

exercised her mouth so vilently that her new false teeth fell out onto the ground.

"Miss Peasley," sed I, gitting up and dustin myself, "you must be more careful with them store teeth of your'n or you'll have to gum it agin!"

Methinks I had her.

I'd bin to work hard all the week, and I felt rather snoozy. I'm 'fraid I did git half asleep, for on hearin the minister ask, "Why was man made to mourn?" I sed, "I giv it up," havin a vague idee that it was a conundrum. It was a onfortnit remark, for the whole meetin house lookt at me with mingled surprise and indignation. I was about risin to a pint of order, when it suddenly occurd to me whare I was, and I kept my seat, blushin like the red, red rose—so to speak.

The next morning I 'rose with the lark. (N.B.—I don't sleep with the lark, tho'. A goak.)

My little dawter was execootin ballids, accompanyin herself with the Akordeon, and she wisht me to linger and hear her sing "Hark I hear a angel singin, a angel now is onto the wing."

"Let him fly, my child!" said I, a-bucklin on my armer; "I must forth to my Biz."

We air progressin pretty well with our drill. As all air commandin offissers, there ain't no jelusy; and as we air all exceedin smart, it t'aint worth while to try to outstrip each other. The idee of a company composed excloosively of Commanders-in-Chiefs, orriggernated, I spose I

skurcely need say, in these Brane. Considered *as* a idee, I flatter myself it is putty hefty. We've got all the tackticks at our tungs' ends, but what we particly excel in is restin muskits. We can rest muskits with anybody.

Our corpse will do its dooty. We go to the aid of Columby—we fight for the stars!

We'll be chopt into sassige meat before we'll exhibit our coat-tales to the foe.

We'll fight till there's nothin left of us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wiggle!

Ever of thee,*

A. WARD.

* "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming" was the title of an impassioned and sappy love-song of the period.

A WAR MEETING

Our complaint just now is war meetins. They've bin havin 'em bad in varis parts of our cheerful Republic and nat'rally we caught 'em here in Baldinsville. They broke out all over us. They're better attended than the Eclipse was.

I remember how people poured into our town last Spring to see the Eclipse. They labored under a impression that they couldn't see it to home, and so they cum up to our place. I cleared a very handsome amount of money by exhibitin the Eclipse to 'em, in an open-top tent. But the crowds is bigger now. Posey County is aroused. I may say, indeed, that the pra-hay-ories of Injianny is on fire.

Our big meetin came off the other night, and our old friend of the *Bugle* was elected Cheerman.

The *Bugle-Horn of Liberty* is one of Baldinsville's most eminentest institootions. The advertisements are well written, and the deaths and marriages are conducted with signal ability. The editor, Mr. Slinkers, is a polish'd, skarcastic writer. Folks in these parts will not soon forgit how he used up the *Eagle of Freedom,* a family journal published at Snootville, near here. The controversy was about a plank road. "The road may be, as our contemporary says, a hum-

bug; but *our* aunt isn't baldheded, and *we* haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wonder if the editor of the *Eagle of Freedom* sees it?" This used up the *Eagle of Freedom* feller, because his aunt's head does present a skinn'd appearance, and his sister Sarah is very much one-eyed. For a genteel home thrust Mr. Slinkers has few ekals. He is a man of great pluck likewise. He has a fierce nostril, and I bl'eve upon my soul, that if it wasn't absoolotly necessary for him to remain here and announce in his paper, from week to week, that "our Gov'ment is about to take vig'rous measures to put down the rebellion"—I b'lieve, upon my soul, this illustris man would enlist as a Brigadier-Gin'ral, and git his Bounty.

I was fixin myself up to attend the great war meetin, when my daughter entered with a young man who was evijently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression into his eye. In one hand he carried a portfolio, and his other paw claspt a bunch of small brushes. My daughter introduced him as Mr. Sweibier, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphy.

"He is a artist, papa. Here is one of his masterpieces—a young mother gazin admirinly upon her first-born;" and my daughter showed me a really pretty picter, done in ile. "Is it not beautiful, papa? He throws so much soul into his work."

"Does he? does he?" said I; "well, I reckon I'd better hire him to whitewash our fence. It

needs it. What will you charge, sir," I continued, "to throw some soul into my fence?"

My daughter went out of the room in very short meeter, takin the artist with her, and, from the emphatical manner in which the door slam'd, I concluded she was summut disgusted at my remarks. She closed the door, I may say, in *italics*. I went into the closet, and larfed all alone by myself for over half an hour. I larfed so vi'lently that the preserve jars rattled like a cavalry officer's sword and things, which it aroused my Betsy, who came and opened the door pretty suddent. She seized me by the few lonely hairs that still linger sadly upon my barefooted hed, and dragged me out of the closet, incidently obsarving that she didn't exactly see why she should be compelled, at her advanced stage of life, to open a assylum for sooperanooated idiots.

My wife is one of the best wimin on this continent, altho' she isn't always gentle as a lamb, with mint sauce. No, not always.

But to return to the war meetin. It was largely attended. The editor of the *Bugle* arose and got up, and said the fact could no longer be disguised that we were involved in a war. "Human gore," said he, "is flowin. All able-bodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, sir,—to the tented field."

A voice—"Why don't you go yourself, you old blowhard?"

"I am identified, young man, with an Arky-

median leaver which moves the world," said the editor, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat-tail: "I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and despatch!" And with this brilliant bust of elekance the editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins, who is sufferin from an attack of College in a naberin place. Mr. Hinkins said Washington was not safe. Who can save our national capitle?

"Dan Setchell,"* I said. "He can do it afternoons. Let him plant his light and airy form onto the Long Bridge, make faces at the hirelin foe, and they'll skedaddle! Old Setch can do it!"

"I call the Napoleon of Showmen," said the editor of the *Bugle*—"I call that Napoleonic man, whose life is adorned with so many noble virtues, and whose giant mind lights up this warlike scene—I call him to order."

I will remark, in this connection, that the editor of the *Bugle* does my job printing.

"You," said Mr. Hinkins, "who live away from the busy haunts of men do not comprehend the magnitood of the crisis. The busy haunts of men is where people comprehend this crisis. We who live in the busy haunts of men—that is to say, we dwell, as it were, in the busy haunts of men."

"I really trust that the gent'l'man will not fail

* A very popular comedian.

to say suthin about the busy haunts of men before he sits down," said I.

"I claim the right to express my sentiments here," said Mr. Hinkins, in a slightly indignant tone, "and I shall brook no interruption, if I am a Softmore."

"You couldn't be *more soft*, my young friend," I observed, whereupon there was cries of "Order! order!"

"I regret I can't mingle in this strife personally," said the young man.

"You might inlist as a liberty-pole," said I in a silvery whisper.

"But," he added, "I have a voice, and that voice is for war." The young man then closed his speech with some strikin and original remarks in relation to the star-spangled banner. He was followed by the village minister, a very worthy man indeed, but whose sermons have a tendency to make people sleep pretty industriously.

"I am willin to inlist for one," he said.

"What's your weight, parson?" I asked.

"A hundred and sixty pounds," he said.

"Well, you can inlist as a hundred and sixty pounds of morphine, your dooty bein to stand in the hospitals arter a battle, and preach while the surgical operations is bein performed! Think how much you'd save the Gov'ment in morphine."

He didn't seem to see it; but he made a good speech, and the editor of the *Bugle* rose to read the resolutions, commencin as follers:—

"*Resolved,* That we view with anxiety the fact that there is now a war goin on; and

"*Resolved,* That we believe Stonewall Jackson sympathises with the secession movement, and that we hope the nine months' men——"

At this point he was interrupted by the sounds of silvery footsteps on the stairs, and a party of wimin, carryin guns, and led by Betsy Jane, who brandished a loud and rattlin umbereller, burst into the room.

"Here," cried I, "are some nine-months' wimin!"

"Mrs. Ward," said the editor of the *Bugle*—"Mrs. Ward, and ladies, what means this extr'ord'n'ry demonstration?"

"It means," said that remarkable female, "that you men air makin fools of yourselves. You air willin to talk and urge others to go to the wars, but you don't go to the wars yourselves. War meetins is very nice in their way, but they don't keep Stonewall Jackson from comin over to Maryland and helpin himself to the fattest beef critters. What we want is more cider and less talk. We want you able-bodied men to stop speechifying, which don't 'mount to the wiggle of a sick cat's tail, and go to fitin; otherwise you can stay at home and take keer of the children, while we wimin will go to the wars!"

"Gentl'men," said I, "that's my wife! Go it, old gal!" and I throw'd up my ancient white hat in perfeck rapters.

"Is this roll-book to be filled up with the names of men or wimin?" she cried.

"With men! with men!" and our quoty was made up that very night.

There is a great deal of gas about these war meetins. A war meetin, in fact, without gas, would be suthin like the play of Hamlet with the part of Othello omitted.

Still believin that the Goddess of Liberty is about as well sot up with as any young lady in distress could expect to be, I am, yours more'n anybody else's,

A. WARD.

THE DRAFT IN BALDINSVILLE.

If I'm drafted I shall *resign.*

Deeply grateful for the onexpected honor thus confered upon me, I shall feel compeld to resign the position in favor of sum more worthy person. Modesty is what ails me. That's what's kept me under.

I meanter-say, I shall have to resign if I'm drafted everywheres I've bin inrold. I must now, furrinstuns, be inrold in upards of 200 different towns. If I'd kept on travelin I should hav eventooally becum a Brigade, in which case I could have held a meetin and elected myself a Brigadeer-Ginral quite unanimiss. I hadn't no idee there was so many of me before. But, serisly, I concluded to stop exhibitin and make tracks for Baldinsville. My only daughter threw herself onto my boosum, and said, "It is me faythe r! I thank the gods!" She reads the New York *Ledger.**

"Tip us yer bunch of fives, old faker!" said Artemus, Jer. He reads the New York *Clipper.*†

My wife was to the sowin circle. I knew she and the wimin folks was havin a pleasant time slanderin the females of the other sowin circle

* A precursor of the modern "family" paper. It had, for the time, a large circulation.

† A weekly chronicle of sport, published in New York, and widely read.

(which likewise met that arternoon, and was doubtless enjoyin theirselves ekally well in slanderin the fust-named circle), an' I didn't send for her. I allus like to see people enjoy theirselves.

My son Orgustus was playin onto a floot.

Orgustus is a ethereal cuss. The twins was bildin cobhouses in a corner of the kitchin.

It'll cost some postage-stamps to raise this family, and yet it 'ud go hard with the old man to lose any lamb of the flock.

An old batchelor is a poor critter. He may have hearn the skylark or (what's nearly the same thing) Miss Kellogg and Carlotty Patti sing; he may have hearn Ole Bull fiddle, and all the Dodworths toot, an' yet he don't know nothin about music—the real, genuine thing—the music of the laughter of happy, well-fed children! And you may ax the father of sich children home to dinner, feelin very sure there'll be no spoons missin when he goes away. Sich fathers never drop tin five-cent pieces into the contribution box, nor palm shoe-pegs off onto blind hosses for oats, nor skedaddle to British sile when their country's in danger—nor do anything which is really mean. I don't mean to intimate that the old batchelor is up to little games of this sort—not at all—but I repeat, he's a poor critter. He don't live here; he only stays. He ought to 'pologize, on behalf of his parents, for bein here at all. The happy marrid man dies in good stile at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children. The old batchelor

don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a polly-wog's tail.

My townsmen was sort o' demoralized. There was a evident desine to ewade the Draft, as I obsarved with sorrer, and patritism was below Par—and *Mar* too. [A jew desprit.] I hadn't no sooner sot down on the piazzy of the tavern than I saw sixteen solitary hossmen, ridin four abreast, wendin their way up the street.

"What's them? Is it calvary?"

"That," said the landlord, "is the stage. Sixteen able-bodied citizens has lately bo't the stage line between here and Scootsburg. That's them. They're stage-drivers. Stage-drivers is exempt!"

I saw that each stage-driver carried a letter in his left hand.

"The mail is hevy to-day," said the landlord. "Gin'rally they don't have more'n half-a-dozen letters 'tween 'em. To-day they've got one apiece! Bile my lights and liver!"

"And the passengers?"

"There ain't any, skacely, now-days," said the landlord, "and what few there is, very much prefer to walk, the roads is so rough."

"And how ist with you?" I inquired of the editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty,* who sot near me.

"I can't go," he sed, shakin his head in a wise way. "Ordinarily I should delight to wade in gore, but my bleedin country bids me stay at home. It is imperatively necessary that I remain here for the purpuss of announcin, from

week to week, that *our Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!"*

I strolled into the village oyster-saloon, where I found Dr. Schwazey, a leadin citizen, in a state of mind which showed that he'd bin histin in more'n his share of pizen.

"Hello, old Beeswax," he bellered; "how's your grandmams? When you goin to feed your stuffed animils?"

"What's the matter with the eminent physician?" I pleasantly inquired.

"This," he said, "this is what's the matter—I'm a habitooal drunkard! I'm exempt."

"Jes so."

"Do you see them beans, old man?" and he pinted to a plate before him. "Do you see 'em?"

"I do. They are a cheerful fruit when used tempritly."

"Well," said he, "I hain't eat anything since last week. I eat beans now *because* I eat beans *then*. I never mix my vittles!"

"It's quite proper you should eat a little suthin once in a while," I said. "It's a good idee to occasionally instruct the stummick that it mustn't depend excloosively on licker for its sustainance."

"A blessin," he cried, " a blessin onto the hed of the man what invented beans! A blessin onto his hed!"

"Which his name is Gilson! He's a first family of Bostin," said I.

This is a speciment of how things was goin in my place of residence.

A few was true blue. The schoolmaster was among 'em. He greeted me warmly. He said I was welkim to those shores. He said I had a massiv mind. It was gratifyin, he said, to see that great intelleck stalkin in their midst onct more. I have before had occasion to notice this schoolmaster. He is evidently a young man of far more than ord'nary talents.

The schoolmaster proposed we should git up a mass meetin.

The meetin was largely attended. We held it in the open air, round a roarin bonfire.

The schoolmaster was the first orator. He's pretty good on the speak. He also writes well, his composition bein seldom marred by ingrammaticisms. He said this inactivity surprised him. "What do you expect will come of this kind of doins? *Nihil fit*——"

"Hooray for Nihil!" I interrupted. "Fellow-citizens, let's give three cheers for Nihil, the man who fit."

The schoolmaster turned a little red, but repeated—"*Nihil fit.*"

"Exactly," I said. Nihil *fit*. He wasn't a strategy feller."

"Our venerable friend," said the schoolmaster, smilin pleasantly, "isn't posted in Virgil."

"No, I don't know him. But if he's a able-bodied man, he must stand his little draft."

The schoolmaster wound up in eloquent style, and the subscriber took the stand.

I said the crisis had not only cum itself, but it had brought all its relations. It has cum, I said,

with a evident intention of makin us a good long visit. It's goin to take off its things and stop with us. My wife says so, too.

This is a good war. For those who like this war, it's just such a kind of war as they like. I'll bet ye. My wife says so too. If the Federal army succeeds in takin Washington, and they seem to be advancin that way pretty often, I shall say it is strategy, and Washington will be safe. And that noble banner, as it were—that banner, as it were—will be a emblem, or rather, I should say, that noble banner—*as it were.* My wife says so too. [I got a little mixed up here, but they didn't notice it. Keep mum.]

Feller-citizens, it will be a proud day for this Republic when Washington is safe. Gloucester, Massachusetts, is safe. Gen. Fremont is there. No danger of Gloucester, Massachusetts, as long as Gen. Fremont's there. And may the day be not far distant when I can say the same of Washington. But if it is saved, it will be by strategy. Vermont will soon be safe. Gen. Phelps is comin home. Let us all rejoice that Vermont is about to be safe. My wife says so too.

The editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty* here arose and said: "I do not wish to interrupt the gentleman, but a important dispatch has just bin received at the telegraph office here. I will read it. It is as follows:—*'Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!'* " [Loud applause.]

That, said I, is cheering. That's soothing. And Washington will be safe. [Sensation.]

Philadelphia is safe. Gen. Patterson is in Philadelphia. But my heart bleeds partic'ly for Washington. My wife says so too.

There's money enough. No trouble about *money*. They've got a lot of first-class bank-note engravers at Washington (which place, I regret to say, is by no means safe) who turn out two or three cords of money a day—good money too. Goes well. These bank-note engravers make good wages. I expect they lay up property. They are full of Union sentiment. There is considerable Union sentiment in Virginny, more specially among the honest farmers of the Shenandoah valley. My wife says so too.

Then it isn't money we want. But we do want *men*, and we must have them. We must carry a whirlwind of fire among the foe. We must crush the ungrateful rebels who are poundin the Goddess of Liberty over the head with slung-shots, and stabbin her with stolen knives! We must lick 'em quick. We must introduce a large number of first-class funerals among the people of the South. Betsy says so too.

This war hain't been too well managed. We all know that. What then? We are all in the same boat—if the boat goes down, we go down with her. Hence we must all fight. It ain't no use to talk now about who *caused* the war. That's played out. The war is upon us—upon us all—and we must all fight. We can't "reason" the matter with the foe—only with steel and

lead. When, in the broad glare of the noonday sun, a speckled jackass boldly and maliciously kicks over a peanut-stand, do we "reason" with him? I guess not. And why "reason" with those other Southern people who are tryin to kick over the Republic? Betsy, my wife, says so too.

I have great confidence in A. Linkin. The old fellow's heart is in the right place, and his head is clear. There's bin sum queer doins by sum of his deputies—civil and military—but let it pass. We must save the Union. And don't let us wait to be drafted. The Republic is our mother. *For God's sake, don't let us stop to draw lots to see which of us shall go to the rescue of our wounded and bleeding mother.* Drive the assassins from her throat—drive them into the sea! And then, if it is worth while, stop and argue about who caused all this in the first place. You've heard the showman. You've heard my wife too. Me and Betsy is 1.

The meetin broke up with enthusiasm. We shan't draft in Baldinsville if we can help it.

Yours considerably,

A. WARD.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION,

Delivered July 4, at Weathersfield, Conn., 1859.

[I delivered the follerin, about two years ago, to a large and discriminating awjince. I was 96 minits passin a given pint. I have revised the orashun, and added sum things which makes it approposser to the times than it otherwise would be. I have also corrected the grammers and punktooated it. I do my own punktooatin now days. The printers in VANITY FAIR offiss can't punktooate worth a cent.]

FELLER CITIZENS: I've been honored with a invite to norate before you to-day; and when I say that I skurcely feel ekal to the task, I'm sure you will believe me.

Weathersfield is justly celebrated for her onyins and patritism the world over, and to be axed to paws and address you on this, my fust perfeshernal tower threw New Englan, causes me to feel—to feel—I may say it causes me to *feel.* (Grate applaws. They thought this was one of my eccentricities, while the fact is I was stuck. This between you and I.)

I'm a plane man. I don't know nothin about no ded languages and am a little shaky on livin ones. There4, expect no flowry talk from me. What I shall say will be to the pint, right strate out.

I'm not a politician and my other habits air good. I've no enemys to reward, nor friends to

sponge. But I'm a Union man. I luv the Union—it is a Big thing—and it makes my hart bleed to see a lot of ornery peple a-movin heaven—no, not heaven, but the other place—and earth, to bust it up. Too much good blud was spilt in courtin and marryin that hily respectable female the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her now. My own State of Injianny is celebrated for unhitchin marrid peple with neatness and dispatch, but you can't git a divorce from the Goddess up there. Not by no means. The old gal has behaved herself too well to cast her off now. I'm sorry the picters don't give her no shoes or stockins, but the band of stars upon her hed must continner to shine undimd, forever. Ime for the Union as she air, and withered be the arm of every ornery cuss who attempts to bust her up. That's me! I have sed! [It was a very sweaty day, and at this pint of the orashun a man fell down with sunstroke. I told the awjince that considerin the large number of putty gals present I was more fraid of a DAWTER STROKE. This was impromptoo, and seemed to amoose them very much.]

Feller Citizens,—I hain't got time to notis the growth of Ameriky frum the time when the Mayflowers cum over in the Pilgrim and brawt Plymmuth Rock with him, but every skool boy nose our kareer has bin tremenjis. You will excuse me if I don't prase the erly settlers of the Kolonies. Peple which hung idiotic old wimin for witches, burnt holes in Quakers' tongues and

consined their feller critters to the tredmill and pillery on the slitest provocashun may have bin very nice folks in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their stile, and will pass them by. I spose they ment well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the nusepapers, "peas to their ashis." Thare was no diskount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled and died in the American Revolushun. We needn't be afraid of settin 'em up two steep. Like my show, they will stand any amount of prase. G. Washington was abowt the best man this world ever sot eyes on. He was a clear-heded, warm-harted, and stiddy goin man. He never slopt over! The prevailin weakness of most public men is to SLOP OVER! [Put them words in large letters.—A. W.] They git filled up and slop. They Rush Things. They travel too much on the high presher principle. They git on to the fust poplar hobby-hoss whitch trots along, not carin a sent whether the beest is even goin, clear sited and sound or spavined, blind and bawky. Of course they git throwed even-tooally, if not sooner. When they see the multitood goin it blind they go Pel Mel with it, instid of exertin theirselves to set it right. They can't see that the crowd which is now bearin them triumfuntly on its shoulders will soon diskiver its error and cast them into the hoss pond of Oblivyun, without the slitest hesitashun. Washington never slopt over. That wasn't George's stile. He luved his country dearly. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a

human angil in a 3 kornerd hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like right away. My frends, we can't all be Washingtons, but we kin all be patrits and behave ourselves in a human and a Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin, let us not giv him a push, but let us seeze rite hold of his coat-tails and draw him back to Morality.

Imagine G. Washington and P. Henry in the character of seseshers! As well fancy John Bunyan and Dr. Watts in spangled tites, doin the trapeze in a one-horse circus!

I tell you, feller-citizens, it would have bin ten dollars in Jeff Davis's pocket if he'd never bin born!

. . . . . .

Be sure and vote at leest once at all elecshuns. Buckle on yer Armer and go to the Poles. See two it that your naber is there. See that the kripples air provided with carriages. Go to the poles and stay all day. Bewair of the infamous lise whitch the Opposishun will be sartin to git up fur perlitical effek on the eve of eleckshun. To the poles! and when you git there vote jest as you darn please. This is a privilege we all possess, and it is 1 of the booties of this grate and free land.

I see mutch to admire in New Englan. Your gals in particklar air abowt as snug bilt peaces of Calliker as I ever saw. They air fully equal to the corn fed gals of Ohio and Injianny, and will make the bestest kind of wives. It sets my Buzzum on fire to look at 'em.

Be still, my sole, be still,
& you, Hart, stop cuttin up!

I like your skool houses, your meetin houses, your enterprise, gumpshun, &c., but your favorit Bevridge I disgust. I allude to New England Rum. It is wuss nor the korn whisky of Injianny, which eats threw stone jugs & will turn the stummuck of the most shiftliss Hog. I seldom seek consolashun in the flowin Bole, but tother day I wurrid down some of your Rum. The fust glass indused me to sware like a infooriated trooper. On takin the second glass I was seezed with a desire to break winders, & arter imbibin the third glass I knockt a small boy down, pickt his pocket of a New York *Ledger,* and wildly commenced readin Sylvanus Kobb's last Tail.* Its dreffful stuff—a sort of lickwid litenin, got up under the personal supervishun of the devil—tears men's inards all to peaces and makes their noses blossum as the Lobster. Shun it as you would a wild hyeny with a fire brand tied to his tale, and while you air abowt it you will do a first rate thing for yourself and everybody abowt you by shunnin all kinds of intoxicatin lickers. You don't need 'em no more 'n a cat needs 2 tales, sayin nothin abowt the trubble and sufferin they cawse. But unless your inards air cast iron, avoid New Englan's favorite Bevrige.

My friends, I'm dun. I tear myself away from you with tears in my eyes & a pleasant

*Sylvanus Cobb was one of the first American writers to go in for the mass-production of popular fiction.

oder of Onyins abowt my close. In the langwidge of Mister Catterline to the Rummuns, I go, but perhaps I shall cum back agin. Adoo, peple of Wethersfield. Be virtoous & you'll be happy!

TOUCHING LETTER FROM A GORY MEMBER OF THE HOME GUARD.

BROADWAY, *Dec.* 10, '61.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—We are all getting along very well. We mess at Delmonico's. Do not repine for your son. Some must suffer for the glorious Stars and Stripes, and, dear parents, why shouldn't I? Tell Mrs. Skuller that we do not need the blankets she so kindly sent to us, as we bunk at the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan.* What our brave lads stand most in need of now is Fruit Cake and Waffles. Do not weep for me.

HENRY ADOLPHUS.

* These were the most prominent hotels in New York at the time.

A ROMANCE.—WILLIAM BARKER, THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

I.

"No, William Barker, you cannot have my daughter's hand in marriage until you are her equal in wealth and social position."

The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person whom he addressed was a fine-looking young man of twenty-five.

With a sad aspect the young man withdrew from the stately mansion.

II.

Six months later the young man stood in the presence of the haughty old man.

"What! *you* here again!" angrily cried the old man.

"Ay, old man," proudly exclaimed William Barker, "I am here, your daughter's equal and yours!"

The old man's lips curled with scorn. A derisive smile lit up his cold features; when, casting violently upon the marble centre table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Barker cried:—

"See! Look on this wealth. And I've tenfold more! Listen, old man! You spurned me from your door. But I did not despair. I

secured a contract for furnishing the Army of the —— with beef—"

"Yes, yes!" eagerly exclaimed the old man.

"— and I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find—"

"I see! I see!" cried the old man. "And good beef they make, too."

"They do! they do! and the profits are immense."

"I should say so!"

"And now, sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand!"

"Boy, she is yours. But hold! Look me in the eye. Throughout all this have you been loyal?"

"To the core!" cried William Barker.

"And," continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, "are you in favour of a vigorous prosecution of the war?"

"I am! I am!"

"Then, boy, take her! Maria, child, come hither. Your William claims thee. Be happy, my children! and whatever our lot in life may be, *let us all support the Government!*"

OBERLIN.

About two years ago I arrove in Oberlin, Ohio. Oberlin is whare the celebrated college is. In fack, Oberlin *is* the college, everything else in that air vicinity resolvin around excloosively for the benefit of that institution. It is a very good college, too, & a grate many wurthy yung men go there annooally to git intelleck into 'em. But its my onbiassed 'pinion that they go it rather too strong on Ethiopians at Oberlin.* But that's none of my bizniss. I'm into the Show bizniss. Yet as a faithful historan I must menshun the fack that on rainy dase white peple can't find their way threw the streets without the gas is lit, there bein such a numerosity of cullerd pussons in the town.

As I was sayin, I arroved at Oberlin, and called on Perfesser Peck for the purpuss of skewerin Kolonial Hall to exhibit my wax works and beests of Pray into. Kolonial Hall is in the college and is used by the students to speak peaces and read essays into.

Sez Perfesser Peck, "Mister Ward, I don't know 'bout this bizniss. What air your sentiments?"

Sez I, "I hain't got any."

* Oberlin College was a notable centre of abolitionism in the period immediately preceding the Civil War.

"Good God!" cried the Perfesser, "did I understan you to say you have no sentiments?"

"Nary a sentiment!" sez I.

"Mister Ward, don't your blud bile at the thawt that three million and a half of your culled brethren air a clankin their chains in the South?"

Sez I, "Not a bile! Let 'em clank!"

He was about to continner his flowry speech when I put a stopper on him. Sez I, "Perfessor Peck, A. Ward is my name & Ameriky is my nashun; I'm allers the same, tho' humble in my station, and I've bin in the show bizness goin on 22 years. The pint is, can I hav your Hall by payin a fair price? You air full of sentiments. That's your lay, while I'm a exhibiter of startlin curiosities. What d'ye say?"

"Mister Ward, you air endowed with a hily practical mind, and while I deeply regret that you air devoid of sentiments, I'll let you hav the hall provided your exhibition is of a moral & elevatin nater."

Sez I, "Tain't nothin shorter."

So I opened in Kolonial Hall, which was crowded every nite with stujents, &c. Perfesser Finny gazed for hours at my Kangaroo, but when that sagashus but onprincipled little cuss set up one of his onarthly yellins and I proceeded to hoss-whip him, the Perfesser objected. "Suffer not your angry pashuns to rise up at the poor annimil's little excentrissities," said the Perfesser.

"Do you call such conduck as *those* a little excentrissity?" I axed.

"I do," sed he; sayin which he walked up to the cage and sez he, "Let's try moral swashun upon the poor creeter." So he put his hand upon the Kangaroo's hed and said, "Poor little feller!—poor little feller!—your master is very crooil, isn't he, my untootered frend?" when the Kangaroo, with a terrific yell, grabed the Perfesser by the hand and cum very near chawin it orf. It was amoozin to see the Perfesser jump up and scream with pane. Sez I, "That's one of the poor little feller's excentrissities!"

Sez he, "Mister Ward, that's a dangerous quadruped. He's totally depraved. I will retire and do my lasserated hand up in a rag, and meanwhile I request you to meat out summery and severe punishment to the vishus beest." I hosswhipt the little cuss for upwards of 15 minutes. Guess I licked sum of his excentrissity out of him.

Oberlin is a grate plase. The College opens with a prayer and then the New York *Tribune* is read. A kolleckshun is then taken up to buy overkoats with red horn buttons onto them for the indignant cullured people of Kanady. I have to contribit librally two the glowrius work, as they kawl it hear. I'm kompelled by the Fackulty to reserve front seets in my show for the cullured peple. At the Boardin House the cullured peple sit at the first table. What they leeve is maid into hash for the white peple. As I don't like the idee of eatin my vittles with

Ethiopians, I sit at the seckind table, and the konsequence is I've devowered so much hash that my inards is in a hily mixt up condishun. Fish bones hav maid their appearance all over my body, and pertater peelins air a springin up through my hair. Howsever I don't mind it. I'm gettin along well in a pecunery pint of view. The College has konfired upon me the honery title of T. K., of which I'm suffishuntly prowd.

OSSAWATOMIE BROWN.

I DON'T pertend to be a cricket, and consekently the reader will not regard this 'ere peace as a Cricketcism. I simply desine givin the pints & Plot of a play I saw actid out at the theater t'other nite, called Ossywattermy Brown, or the Hero of Harper's Ferry. Osswattermy had varis failins, one of which was a idee that he cood conker Virginny with a few duzzen loonatics which he had pickt up sumwhares, mercy only nose where. He didn't cum it, as the sekel showed. This play was jerkt by a admirer of Old Ossywattermy.

First akt opens at North Elby, Old Brown's humsted. There's a weddin at the house. Amely, Old Brown's darter, marrys sumbody, and they all whirl in the Messy darnce. Then Ossywattermy and his 3 suns leave fur Kansis. Old Mrs. Ossywattermy tells 'em thay air goin on a long jurny & Blesses 'em to slow fiddlin. Thay go to Kansis. What upon arth thay go to Kansis fur when thay was so nice & comfortable down there to North Elby, is more'n I know. The suns air next seen in Kansis at a tarvern. Mister Blane, a sinister lookin man with his Belt full of knives & hoss pistils, axes one of the Browns to take a drink. Brown refuzis, which is the fust instance on record whar a Brown

deklined sich a invite. Mister Blane, who is a dark bearded feroshus lookin persun, then axis him whether he's fur or fernenst Slavery. Yung Brown sez he's agin it, wharupon Mister Blane, who is the most sinisterest lookin man I ever saw, sez Har, har, har! (that bein his stile of larfin wildly) & ups & sticks a knife into yung Brown. Anuther Brown rushes up & sez, "You has killed me Ber-ruther!" Moosic by the Band & Seen changes. The stuck yung Brown enters supported by his two brothers. Bimeby he falls down, sez he sees his Mother, & dies. Moosic by the Band. I lookt but couldn't see any mother. Next Seen reveels Old Brown's cabin. He's readin a book. He sez freedum must extend its Area, & rubs his hands like he was pleesed abowt it. His suns come in. One of 'em goes out & cums in ded, havin bin shot while out by a Border Ruffin. The ded yung Brown sez he sees his mother and tumbles down. The Border Ruffins then surround the cabin & set it a fire. The Browns giv theirselves up for gone coons, when the hired gal diskivers a trap door to the cabin & thay go down threw it & cum up threw the bulkhed. Their merraklis 'scape reminds me of the 'scape of De Jones the Coarsehair of the Gulf—a tail with a yaller kiver, that I onct red. For sixteen years he was confined in a loathsum dunjin, not tastin of food durin all that time, when a lucky thawt struck him! He opend the winder and got out. To resoom—Old Brown rushes down to the footlites, gits down on his nees & swares he'll hav re-

venge. The battle of Ossawattermy takes place. Old Brown kills Mister Blane, the sinister individooal aforesed. Mister Blane makes a able & elerquent speech, sez he don't see *his* mother much, and dies like a son of a gentleman, rapt up in the Star Spangled Banner. Moosic by the Band. Four or five other Border ruffins air killed, but thay don't say nothin abowt seein their mothers. From Kansis to Harper's Ferry. Picter of a Arsenal is represented. Sojers cum & fire at it. Old Brown cums out & permits hisself to be shot. He is tride by two soops in milingtery close, and sentenced to be hung on the gallus. Tabloo—Old Brown on a platform, pintin upwards, the staige lited up with red fire. Goddis of Liberty also on platform, pintin upards. A dutchman in the orkestry warbles on a base drum. Curtin falls. Moosic by the Band.

THE NEGRO QUESTION *

I WAS sitting in the bar, quietly smokin a frugal pipe, when two middle-aged and stern-looking females and a young and pretty female suddenly entered the room. They were accompanied by two umberellers and a negro gentleman.

"Do you feel for the down-trodden?" said one of the females, a thin-faced and sharp-voiced person in green spectacles.

"Do I feel for it?" ansered the lan'lord, in a puzzled voice—"do I feel for it?"

"Yes; for the oppressed, the benighted?"

"Inasmuch as to which?" said the lan'lord.

"You see this man?" said the female, pintin her umbreller at the negro gentleman.

"Yes, marm, I see him."

"Yes!" said the female, raisin her voice to a exceedin high pitch, "you see him, and he's your brother!"

"No, I'm darned if he is!" said the lan'lord, hastily retreating to his beer-casks.

"And yours!" shouted the excited female, addressing me. "He is also your brother!"

"No, I think not, marm," I pleasantly replied. "The nearest we come to that colour in our family was the case of my brother John.

* This paper was written in London in the last year of Ward's life.

He had the janders for sev'ral years, but they finally left him. I am happy to state that, at the present time, he hasn't a solitary jander."

"Look at this man!" screamed the female.

I looked at him. He was an able-bodied, well-dressed, comfortable-looking negro. He looked as though he might heave three or four good meals a day into him without a murmur.

"Look at that down-trodden man!" cried the female.

"Who trod on him?" I inquired.

"Villains! despots!"

"Well," said the lan'lord, "why don't you go to the willins about it? Why do you come here tellin us niggers is our brothers and brandishin your umbrellers round us like a lot of lunytics? You're wuss than the sperrit-rappers!"

"Have you," said middle-aged female No. 2, who was a quieter sort of person, "have you no sentiment—no poetry in your soul—no love for the beautiful? Dost never go into the green fields to cull the beautiful flowers?"

"I not only never dost," said the landlord, in an angry voice, "but I'll bet you five pound you can't bring a man as dares say I dost."

"The little birds," continued the female, "dost not love to gaze onto them?"

"I would I were a bird, that I might fly to thou!" I humorously sung, casting a sweet glance at the pretty young woman.

"Don't you look in that way at my dawter!" said female No. 1, in a violent voice; "you're old enough to be her father."

"'Twas an innocent look, dear madam," I softly said. "You behold in me an emblem of innocence and purity. In fact, I start for Rome by the first train to-morrow to sit as a model to a celebrated artist who is about to sculp a statute to be called Sweet Innocence. Do you s'pose a sculper would send for me for that purpose onless he knowd I was overflowing with innocency? Don't make a error about me."

"It is my opinyn," said the leading female, "that you're a scoffer and a wretch! Your mind is in a wusser beclouded state than the poor negroes we are seeking to aid. You are a groper in the dark cellar of sin. O sinful man!—

'There is a sparkling fount,
Come, O come, and drink.'

No: you will not come and drink."

"Yes, he will," said the landlord, "if you'll treat. Jest try him."

"As for you," said the enraged female to the landlord, "you're a degraded bein, too low and wulgar to talk to."

"This is the sparklin fount for me, dear sister!" cried the lan'lord, drawin and drinkin a mug of beer. Having uttered which goak, he gave a low rumblin larf, and relapst into silence.

"My colored fren," I said to the negro, kindly, "what is it all about?"

He said they was trying to raise money to send missionaries to the Southern States in America to preach to the vast numbers of negroes re-

cently made free there. He said they were without the gospel. They were without tracts.

I said, "My fren, this is a seris matter. I admire you for trying to help the race to which you belong, and far be it from me to say anything again carrying the gospel among the blacks of the South. Let them go to them by all means. But I happen to individually know that there are some thousands of liberated blacks in the South who are starvin. I don't blame anybody for this, but it is a very sad fact. Some are really too ill to work, some can't get work to do, and others are too foolish to see any necessity for workin. I was down there last winter, and I observed that this class had plenty of preachin for their souls, but skurce any vittles for their stummux. Now, if it is proposed to send flour and bacon along with the gospel, the idea is really a excellent one. If, on the t'other hand, it is proposed to send preachin alone, all I can say is that it's a hard case for the niggers. If you expect a colored person to get deeply interested in a tract when his stummuck is empty, you expect too much."

I gave the negro as much as I could afford, and the kind-hearted lan'lord did the same. I said:

"Farewell, my colored fren, I wish you well, certainly. You are now as free as the eagle. Be like him and soar. But don't attempt to convert a Ethiopian person while his stummuck yearns for vittles. And you, ladies—I hope you are ready to help the poor and unfortunate at home,

as you seem to help the poor and unfortunate abroad."

When they had gone, the lan'lord said, "Come into the garden, Ward."* And we went and culled some carrots for dinner.

* Tennyson's sentimental verse "Come into the garden, Maud" had been set to music by the gifted Irish composer Balfe, and was a sort of *tour de force* for the baritone amateur of the Victorian drawing-room.

INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCE NAPOLEON

NOTWITHSTANDIN I haint writ much for the papers of late, nobody needn't flatter theirselves that the undersined is ded. On the contry, "I still live," which words was spoken by Danyil Webster, who was a able man. Even the old-line whigs of Boston will admit *that*. Webster is ded now, howsever, and his mantle has probly fallen into the hands of sum dealer in 2nd hand close, who can't sell it. Leastways nobody pears to be goin round wearin it to any perticler extent, now days. The rigiment of whom I was kurnel, finerly concluded they was better adapted as Home Gards, which accounts for your not hearin of me, ear this, where the bauls is the thickest and where the cannon doth roar. But as a American citizen I shall never cease to admire the masterly advance our troops made on Washington from Bull Run, a short time ago. It was well dun. I spoke to my wife 'bout it at the time. My wife sed it was well dun.

It havin there4 been detarmined to pertect Baldinsville at all hazzuds, and as there was no apprehensions of any immejit danger, I thought I would go orf onto a pleasure tower. Accordinly I put on a clean Biled Shirt and started for Washinton. I went there to see the Prints

Napoleon, and not to see the place, which I will here take occasion to obsarve is about as uninterestin a locality as there is this side of J. Davis's future home, if he ever does die, and where I reckon they'll make it so warm for him that he will si for his summer close. It is easy enough to see why a man goes to the poor house or the penitentiary. It's becawz he can't help it. But why he should voluntarily go and live in Washinton, is intirely beyond my comprehension, and I can't say no fairer nor that.

I put up to a leadin hotel. I saw the landlord and sed, "How d'ye do, Square?"

"Fifty cents, sir," was his reply.

"Sir?"

"Half-a-dollar. We charge twenty-five cents for *lookin* at the landlord and fifty cents for speakin to him. If you want supper, a boy will show you to the dinin room for twenty-five cents. Your room bein in the tenth story, it will cost you a dollar to be shown up there."

"How much do you ax a man for breathin in this equinomikal tarvun?" sed I.

"Ten cents a Breth," was his reply.

Washinton hotels is very reasonable in their charges. [N.B.—This is Sarkassum.]

I sent up my keerd to the Prints, and was immejitly ushered before him. He received me kindly, and axed me to sit down.

"I hav cum to pay my respecks to you, Mister Napoleon, hopin I see you hale and harty."

"I am quite well," he sed. "Air you well, sir?"

"Sound as a cuss!" I answered.

He seemed to be pleased with my ways, and we entered into conversation to onct.

"How's Lewis?" I axed, and he sed the Emperor was well. Eugeny was likewise well, he sed. Then I axed him was Lewis a good provider? did he cum home arly nites? did he perfoom her bedroom at a onseasonable hour with gin and tanzy? did he go to "the Lodge" on nites when there wasn't any Lodge? did he often hav to go down town to meet a friend? did he hav a extensiv acquaintance among poor young widders whose husbands was in Californy?—to all of which questions the Prints perlitely replide, givin me to understan that the Emperor was behavin well.

"I ax these questions, my loyal duke and most noble highness and imperials, becaws I'm anxious to know how he stands as a man. I know he's smart. He is cunnin, he is long-heded, he is deep—he is grate. But onless he is *good* he'll come down with a crash one of these days, and the Bonyparts will be Bustid up agin. Bet yer life!"

"Air you a preacher, sir?" he inquired, slitely sarkasticul.

"No, sir. But I bleeve in morality. I likewise bleeve in Meetin Houses. Show me a place where there isn't any Meetin Houses and where preachers is never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats air stuffed into broken winders, where the children air dirty and ragged, where gates have no hinges, where the wimin are slipshod, and where maps of the devil's "wild

land" air painted upon men's shirt-bosums with tobacco-jooce! That's what I'll show you. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we aboose 'em."

He sed he didn't mean to aboose the clergy, not at all, and he was happy to see that I was interested in the Bonypart family.

"It's a grate family," sed I. "But they scooped the old man in."

"How, sir?"

"Napoleon the Grand. The Britishers scooped him at Waterloo. He wanted to do too much, and he did it! They scooped him in at Waterloo, and he subsekently died at St. Heleny! There's where the gratest milingtary man this world ever projuced pegged out. It was rather hard to consine such a man as him to St. Heleny, to spend his larst days in catchin mackeril, and walking up and down the dreary beach in milingtary cloak drawn titely round him (see picterbooks), but so it was. 'Hed of the Army!' Them was his larst words. So he had bin. He was grate! Don't I wish we had a pair of his old boots to command sum of our Brigades!"

This pleased Jerome, and he took me warmly by the hand.

"Alexander the Grate was punkins," I continnered, "but Napoleon was punkinser! Alic. wept becaws there was no more worlds to scoop, and then took to drinkin. He drowndid his sorrers in the flowin bole, and the flowing bole was too much for him. It ginerally is. He undertook to give a snake exhibition in his boots,

but it killed him. That was a bad joke on Alic!"

"Since you air so solicitous about France and the Emperor, may I ask you how your own country is getting along?" sed Jerome, in a pleasant voice.

"It's mixed," I sed. "But I think we shall cum out all right."

"Columbus, when he diskivered this magnificent continent, could hav had no idee of the grandeur it would one day assoom," sed the Prints.

"It cost Columbus twenty thousand dollars to fit out his explorin expedition," sed I. "If he had bin a sensible man he'd hav put the money in a hoss railroad or a gas company, and left this magnificent continent to intelligent savages, who when they got hold of a good thing knew enuff to keep it, and who wouldn't have seceded, nor rebelled, nor knockt Liberty in the hed with a slungshot. Columbus wasn't much of a feller, after all. It would hav bin money in my pocket if he'd staid to home. Chris. ment well, but he put his foot in it when he saled for America."

We talked sum more about matters and things, and at larst I riz to go. "I will now say good bye to you, noble sir, and good luck to you. Likewise the same to Clotildy. Also to the gorgeous persons which compose your soot. If the Emperor's boy don't like livin at the Tooleries, when he gits older, and would like to imbark in the show bizness, let him come with me and I'll make a man of him. You find us sumwhat mixed, as I before obsarved, but come again next

year and you'll find us clearer nor ever. The American Eagle has lived too sumptuously of late—his stummic becum foul, and he's takin a slite emetic. That's all. We're gettin ready to strik a big blow and a sure one. When we do strike the fur will fly and secession will be in the hands of the undertaker, sheeted for so deep a grave that nothin short of Gabriel's trombone will ever awaken it! Mind what I say. You've heard the showman!"

Then advisin him to keep away from the Peter Funk auctions of the East,* and the proprietors of corner-lots in the West, I bid him farewell, and went away.

There was a levee at Senator What's-his-name's, and I thought I'd jine in the festivities for a spell. Who should I see but she that was Sarah Watkins, now the wife of our Congresser, trippin in the dance, dressed up to kill in her store close. Sarah's father use to keep a little grosery store in our town, and she used to clerk it for him in busy times. I was rushin up to shake hands with her when she turned on her heel, and tossin her hed in a contemptoous manner, walked away from me very rapid. "Hallo, Sal," I hollered, "can't you measure me a quart of them best melasses? I may want a codfish, also!" I guess this reminded her of the little red store, and "the days of her happy childhood."

But I fell in with a nice little gal after that,

* Mock auctions, where bidding was stimulated by persons hired for the purpose.

who was much sweeter than Sally's father's melasses, and I axed her if we shouldn't glide in the messy dance. She sed we should, and we Glode.

I intended to make this letter very seris, but a few goaks may have accidentally crept in. Never mind. Besides, I think it improves a komick paper to publish a goak once in a while.

Yours Muchly,

WARD (ARTEMUS).

ARTEMUS WARD TO THE PRINCE OF WALES

FRIEND WALES: You remember me. I saw you in Canady a few years ago. I remember you too. I seldim forgit a person.

I hearn of your marrige to the Printcis Alexandry, & ment ter writ you a congratoolatory letter at the time, but I've bin bilding a barn this summer, & hain't had no time to write letters to folks. Excoos me.

Numeris changes has tooken place since we met in the body politic. The body politic, in fack, is sick. I sumtimes think it has got biles, friend Wales.

In my country we've got a war, while your country, in conjunktion with Cap'n Sems of the *Alobarmy,** manetanes a nootral position!

I'm fraid I can't write goaks when I sit about it. Oh no, I guess no!

Yes, sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patrit has to make sacrifisses, you bet.

I have alreddy given two cousins to the war, & I stand reddy to sacrifiss my wife's brother ruther 'n not see the rebelyin krusht. And if wuss cums to wuss, I'll shed ev'ry drop of blud my able-bodid relations has got to prosekoot the

* An allusion to the rather benevolent neutrality displayed by Great Britain towards the Confederacy. The Confederate privateer *Alabama* was fitted out in England.

war. I think sumbody oughter be prosekooted, & it may as well be the war as anybody else. When I git a goakin fit onto me it's no use to try ter stop me.

You hearn about the draft, friend Wales, no doubt. It caus'd sum squirmin, but it was fairly conducted, I think, for it hit all classes. It is troo that Wendell Phillips, who is a American citizen of African scent, 'scaped, but so did Vallandiggum, who is conservativ, and who wus resuntly sent South, tho' he would have bin sent to the Dry Tortoogus if Abe had 'sposed for a minit that the Tortoogusses would keep him.

We hain't got any daily paper in our town, but we've got a female sewin circle, which ansers the same purpuss, and we wasn't long in suspents as to who was drafted.

One young man who was drawd claimed to be exemp because he was the only son of a widow'd mother who supported him. A few able-bodid dead men was drafted, but whether their heirs will have to pay 3 hundred dollars a peace for 'em is a question for Whitin, who 'pears to be tinkerin up this draft bizniss right smart. I hope he makes good wages.

I think most of the conscrips in this place will go. A few will go to Canady, stoppin on their way at Concord, N.H., where I understan there is a Muslum of Harts.

You see I'm sassy, friend Wales, hitin all sides; but no offense is ment. You know I ain't a politician, and never was. I vote for Mr. Union—that's the only candidate I've got. I

claim, howsever, to have a well-balanced mind; tho my idees of a well-balanced mind differs from the idees of a partner I once had, whose name was Billson. Billson and me orjanized a strollin dramatic company, & we played The Drunkard, or the Falling Saved,* with a real Drunkard. The play didn't take particlarly, and says Billson to me, Let's giv 'em some immoral dramy. We had a large troop onto our hands, consistin of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says, No. Billson; and then says I, Billson, you hain't got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes, I have, old hoss-fly (he was a low cuss)—yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public rekires. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind. I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an outcast in the State of Vermont. The miser'ble man once played Hamlet. There wasn't any orchestry, and wishin to expire to slow moosic, he died playin on a claironett himself, interspersed with hart-rendin groans, & such is the world! Alars! alars! how onthankful we air to that Providence which kindly allows us to live and borrow money, and fail and do bizness!

But to return to our subjeck. With our resunt grate triumps on the Mississippi, the Father of Waters (and them is waters no Father need feel 'shamed of—twig the wittikism?), and the cheerin look of things in other places, I

*I always thought that this title was a product of Ward's rich and playful imagination, but I learned lately that such a play was actually produced in Ward's day, and that it was quite successful.—Editor.

reckon we shan't want any Muslum of Harts. And what upon airth do the people of Concord, N.H., want a Muslum of Harts for? Hain't you got the State House now? & what more do you want?

But all this is furrin to the purpuss of this note, after all. My objeck in now addressin you is to giv you sum advice, friend Wales, about managin your wife, a bizness I've had over thirty years' experience in.

You had a good weddin. The papers hav a good deal to say about "vikins"* in connection tharewith. Not knowing what that air, and so I frankly tells you, my noble lord dook of the throne, I can't zackly say whether we had 'em or not. We was both very much flustrated. But I never enjoyed myself better in my life.

Dowtless, your supper was ahead of our'n. As regards eatin houses Baldinsville was allers shaky. But you can git a good meal in New York, & cheap too. You can get half a mackril at Delmonico's, or Mr. Mason Dory's † for six dollars, and biled pertaters throw'd in.

As I sed, I manige my wife without any particler trouble. When I fust commenst trainin her I institooted a series of experiments, and them as didn't work I abanding'd. You'd better do similer. Your wife may objeck to gittin up and bildin the fire in the mornin, but if you commence with her at once you may be able to

* Princess Alexandra being of the Danish royal house, the newspapers splurged over her as "a daughter of the Vikings."

† The Maison Dorèe, a fashionable restaurant.

overkum this prejoodis. I regret to obsarve that I didn't commence arly enuff. I wouldn't have you s'pose I was ever kicked out of bed. Not at all. I simply say, in regard to bildin fires, that I didn't commence arly enuff. It was a ruther cold mornin when I fust proposed the idee to Betsy. It wasn't well received, and I found myself layin on the floor putty suddent. I thought I git up and bild the fire myself.

Of course now you're marrid you can eat onions. I allus did, and if I know my own hart, I allus will. My daughter, who is goin on 17, and is frisky, says they's disgustin. And speakin of my daughter reminds me that quite a number of young men have suddenly discovered that I'm a very entertainin old feller, and they visit us frekently, especially on Sunday evenins. One young chap—a lawyer by habit—don't cum as much as he did. My wife's father lives with us. His intelleck totters a little, and he saves the papers containin the proceedins of our State Legislater. The old gen'l'man likes to read out loud, and he reads tol'ble well. He eats hash freely, which makes his voice clear; but as he onfortnilly has to spell the most of his words, I may say he reads slow. Wall, whenever this lawyer made his appearance I would set the old man a-readin the Legislativ reports. I kept the young lawyer up one night till 12 o'clock, listenin to a lot of acts in regard to a drawbridge away orf in the east part of the State, havin sent my daughter to bed at half-past 8. He hasn't

bin there since, and I understan he says I go round swindlin the public.

I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt agin. I'd been to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin several people's healths; and wishin to make 'em as robust as possible, I contiunerd drinkin their healths until my own became affected. Consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at night with consid'ble licker concealed about my person. I had sumhow got perseshun of a hosswhip on my way home, and rememberin sum cranky observations of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin, I snapt the whip putty lively, and, in a very loud voice, I said, "Betsy, you need reorganizin! I have cum, Betsy," I continued, crackin the whip over the bed, "I have cum to reorganize you! Ha-ave you per-ayed to-night?"

. . . . . .

I dream'd that night that sumbody had laid a hosswhip over me sev'ril conseckootiv times; and when I woke up I found she had. I hain't drank much of anythin since, and if I ever have another reorganizin job on hand I shall let it out.

My wife is 52 years old, and has allus sustaned a good character. She's a good cook. Her mother lived to a vener'ble age, and died while in the act of frying slap-jacks for the County Commissioners. And may no rood hand pluck a flour from her toomstun! We hain't got any

picter of the old lady, because she'd never stand for her ambrotipe, and therefore I can't give her likeness to the world through the meejum of the illusterated papers; but as she wasn't a brigadier-gin'ral, particlerly, I don't s'pose they'd publish it, anyhow.

It's best to give a woman consid'ble lee-way. But not too much. A naber of mine, Mr Roofus Minkins, was once very sick with the fever, but his wife moved his bed into the dooryard while she was cleanin house. I told Roofus this wasn't the thing, 'specially as it was rainin vi'lently; but he said he wanted to give his wife "a little lee-way." That was 2 mutch. I told Mrs Minkins that her Roofus would die if he staid out there into the rain much longer; when she said, "It shan't be my fault if he dies unprepared." It was orful! I stood by, however, and nussed him as well's I could; but I was a putty wet nuss, I tell you.

There's varis ways of managin a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. I 'dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wales, and good luck to you both! And as years roll by, and accidents begins to happen to you—among which I hope there'll be Twins—you will agree with me that family joys air the only ones a man can bet on with any certainty of winnin.

It may interest you to know that I'm pros-

perin in a pecoonery pint of view. I make 'bout as much in the course of a year as a Cab'net offisser does, & I understand my bizniss a good deal better than sum of 'em do.

Respecks to St George & the Dragon.

Ever be happy,

A. WARD.

THE SHOW IS CONFISCATED

You hav perhaps wondered wharebouts I was for these many dase gone and past. Perchans you sposed I'd gone to the Tomb of the Cappyletts, tho I don't know what those is. It's a popler noospaper frase.

Listen to my tail, and be silent that ye may here. I've been among the Seseshers, a earnin my daily peck by my legitimit perfeshun, and havn't had no time to weeld my facile quill for "the Grate Komick paper," if you'll allow me to kote from your troothful advertisement.

My success was skaly, and I likewise had a narrer scape of my life. If what I've bin threw is "Suthern hosspitality," 'bout which we've hearn so much, then I feel bound to obsarve that they made too much of me. They was altogether too lavish with their attenshuns.

I went amung the Seseshers with no feelins of annermosity. I went in my perfeshernal capacity. I was actooated by one of the most Loftiest desires which can swell the human Buzzum, viz.:—to giv the peple their money's worth, by showin them Sagashus Beests, and Wax Statoots, which I venter to say air onsurpast by any other statoots anywheres. I will not call that man who sez my statoots is humbugs a lier and a hoss thief, but bring him be4 me and I'll wither him with one of my scornful frowns.

But to proceed with my tail. In my travels threw the Sonny South I heard a heap of talk about Seceshon and bustin up the Union, but I didn't think it mounted to nothin. The politicians in all the villages was swearin that Old Abe (sometimes called the Prahayrie flower) shouldn't never be noggerated. They also made fools of theirselves in varis ways, but as they was used to that I didn't let it worry me much, and the Stars and Stripes continued for to wave over my little tent. Moor over, I was a Son of Malty and a member of several other Temperance Societies, and my wife she was a Dawter of Malty, an I sposed these fax would secoor me the infloonz and pertectiun of all the fust families. Alas! I was dispinted. State arter State seseshed, and it growed hotter and hotter for the undersined. Things came to a climbmacks in a small town in Alabamy, where I was premptorally ordered to haul down the Stars & Stripes. A deppytashun of red-faced men cum up to the door of my tent ware I was standin takin money (the arternoon exhibishun had commenst, an' my Italyun organist was jerkin his sole-stirrin chimes). "We air cum, Sir," said a millingtary man in a cockt hat, "upon a hi and holy mishun. The Southern Eagle is screamin threwout this sunny land—proudly and defiantly screamin, Sir!"

"What's the matter with him?" sez I; "don't his vittles sit well on his stummick?"

"That Eagle, Sir, will continner to scream all over this Brite and tremenjus land!"

"Wall, let him scream. If your Eagle can amuse hisself by screamin, let him went!" The men annoyed me, for I was Bizzy makin change.

"We air cum, Sir, upon a matter of dooty——"

"You're right, Capting. It's every man's dooty to visit my show," sed I.

"We air cum——"

"And that's the reason you are here!" sez I, larfin one of my silvery larfs. I thawt if he wanted to goak I'd giv him sum of my sparklin eppygrams.

"Sir, you're inserlent. The plain question is, will you haul down the Star-Spangled Banner, and hist the Southern flag!"

"Nary hist!" Those was my reply.

"Your wax works and beests is then confisticated, & you air arrested as a Spy!"

Sez I, "My fragrant roses of the Southern clime and Bloomin daffodils, what's the price of whisky in this town, and how many cubic feet of that seductive flooid can you individooally hold?"

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confisticated. I axed them if that was ginerally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but sed I was arrested as a Spy, and must go to Montgomry in iuns. They was by this time jined by a large crowd of other Southern patrits, who commenst hollerin "Hang the bald-headed aberlitionist, and bust up his immoral exhibition!" I was ceased and tied to a stump, and

the crowd went for my tent—that water-proof pavilion, wherein instruction and amoosment had been so muchly combined, at 15 cents per head—and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile dirty faced boys was throwin stuns and empty beer bottles at my massive brow, and takin other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a variety of reasons, as I readily obsarved.

The Seseshers confisticated my wax statoots by smashin them to attums. They then went to my money box and confisticated all the loose change therein contaned. They then went and bust in my cages, lettin all the animils loose, a small but helthy tiger among the rest. This tiger has a excentric way of tearin dogs to peaces, and I allers sposed from his gineral conduck that he'd hav no hesitashun in servin human beins in the same way if he could git at them. Excuse me if I was crooil, but I larfed boysterrusly when I see that tiger spring in among the people. "Go it, my sweet cuss!" I inardly exclaimed; "I forgive you for bitin off my left thum with all my heart! Rip 'em up like a bully tiger whose Lare has bin inwaded by Seseshers!"

I can't say for certain that the tiger serisly injured any of them, but as he was seen a few days after, sum miles distant, with a large and well selected assortment of seats of trowsis in his mouth, and as he lookt as tho he'd bin havin sum vilent exercise, I raythor guess he did. You

will therefore perceive that they didn't confisticate him much.

I was carrid to Montgomry in iuns and placed in durans vial. The jail was a ornery edifiss, but the table was librally surplied with Bakin an Cabbidge. This was a good variety, for when I didn't hanker after Bakin I could help myself to the cabbige.

I had nobody to talk to nor nothing to talk about, howsever, and I was very lonely, specially on the first day; so when the jailer parst my lonely sell I put the few stray hairs on the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but thare was a time when I wore sweet auburn ringlets) into as dish-hevild a state as possible, & rollin my eyes like a manyyuck, I cride: "Stay, jaler, stay! I am not mad, but soon shall be if you don't bring me suthing to Talk!" He brung me sum noospapers, for which I thanked him kindly.

At larst I got a interview with Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Conthieveracy. He was quite perlite, and axed me to sit down and state my case. I did it, when he larfed and said his gallunt men had been a little 2 enthoosiastic in confisticatin my show.

"Yes," sez I, "they confisticated me too muchly. I had sum hosses confisticated in the same way onct, but the confisticaters air now poundin stun in the States Prison in Injinnapylus."

"Wall, wall, Mister Ward, you air at liberty to depart; you air frendly to the South, I know. Even now we hav many frens in the North,

who sympathise with us, and won't mingle with this fight."

"J. Davis, there's your grate mistaik. Many of us was your sincere frends, and thought certin parties amung us was fussin about you and meddlin with your consarns intirely too much. But J. Davis, the minut you fire a gun at the piece of dry-goods called the Star-Spangled Banner, the North gits up and rises en massy, in defence of that banner. Not agin you as individooals, —not agin the South even—but to save the flag. We should indeed be weak in the knees, unsound in the heart, milk-white in the liver, and soft in the hed, if we stood quietly by and saw this glorus Govyment smashed to pieces, either by a furrin or a intestine foe. The gentle-harted mother hates to take her naughty child across her knee, but she knows it is her dooty to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we must do it if you don't make back tracks at onct, and we shall wallup you out of your boots! J. Davis, it is my decided opinion that the Sonny South is makin a egrejus mutton-hed of herself!"

"Go on, sir, you're safe enuff. You're too small powder for me!" sed the President of the Southern Conthieveracy.

"Wait till I go home and start out the Baldinsvill Mounted Hoss Cavalry! I'm Capting of that Corpse, I am, and J. Davis, beware! Jefferson D., I now leave you! Farewell, my gay Saler Boy! Good bye, my bold buccaneer! Pirut of the deep blue sea, adoo! adoo!"

My tower threw the Southern Conthieveracy on my way home was thrillin enuff for yeller covers. It will form the subjeck of my next. Betsy Jane and the progeny air well.

Yours respectively,

A. WARD.

I HAD a narrer scape from the sonny South. "The swings and arrers of outrajus fortin," alluded to by Hamlick, warn't nothin in comparison to my trubles. I come pesky near swearin sum profane oaths more'n onct, but I hope I didn't do it, for I've promist she whose name shall be nameless (except that her initials is Betsy J.) that I'll jine the Meetin House at Baldinsville, jest as soon as I can scrape money enuff together so I can 'ford to be piuss in good stile, like my welthy nabers. But if I'm confisticated agin I'm fraid I shall continner on in my present benited state for sum time.

I figgered conspicyusly in many thrillin scenes in my tower from Montgomry to my humsted, and on sevril occasions I thought "the grate komick paper" wouldn't be inriched no more with my lubrications. After bidden adoo to Jefferson D. I started for the depot. I saw a nigger sittin on a fence a-playin on a banjo. "My Afrikan Brother," sed I, coting from a Track I onct red, "you belong to a very interesting race. Your masters is going to war excloosively on your account."

"Yes, boss," he replied, "an' I wish 'em honorable graves!" and he went on playin the banjo, larfin all over and openin his mouth wide enuff to drive in an old-fashioned 2 wheeled chaise.

The train of cars in which I was to trust my wallerable life was the scaliest, rickytiest lookin lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afore. "What time does this string of secondhand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depot master. He sed direckly, and I went in & sot down. I hadn't more'n fairly squatted afore a dark lookin man with a swinister expression onto his countenance entered the cars, and lookin very sharp at me, he axed what was my principles?

"Secesh!" I ansered. "I'm a Dissoluter. I'm in favor of Jeff Davis, Bowregard, Pickens, Capt. Kidd, Bloobeard, Munro Edards, the devil, Mrs. Cunningham, and all the rest of 'em."

"You're in favor of the war?"

"Certingly. By all means. I'm in favor of this war and also of the next war. I've been in favor of the next war for over sixteen years!"

"War to the knive!" sed the man.

"Blud, Eargo, blud!" sed I, tho them words isn't origgernal with me. Them words was rit by Shakespeare, who is ded. His mantle fell onto the author of "The Seven Sisters," who's goin to hav a Spring overcoat made out of it.

We got under way at larst, an' proceeded on our jerney at about the rate of speed which is ginrally obsarved by properly-conducted funeral processions. A hansum yung gal, with a red musketer bar on the back side of her hed, and a sassy little black hat tipt over her forrerd, sot in the seat with me. She wore a little Sesesh flag pin'd onto her hat, and she was a goin for to see her troo love, who had jined the Southern

army, all so bold and gay. So she told me. She was chilly, and I offered her my blanket.

"Father livin?" I axed.

"Yes, sir."

"Got any Uncles?"

"A heap. Uncle Thomas is ded, tho."

"Peace to Uncle Thomas's ashes, and success to him! I will be your Uncle Thomas! Lean on me, my pretty Secesher, and linger in Blissful repose!" She slept as secoorly as in her own housen, and didn't disturb the sollum stillness of the night with ary snore!

At the first station a troop of Sojers entered the cars and inquired if "Old Wax Works" was on bored. That was the disrespectiv stile in which they referred to me. "Becawz if Old Wax Works is on bored," sez a man with a face like a double-brested lobster, "we're going to hang Old Wax Works!"

"My illustrious and patriotic Bummers!" sez I, a gittin up and takin orf my Shappo, "if you allude to A. Ward, it's my pleasin dooty to inform you that he's ded. He saw the error of his ways at 15 minits parst 2 yesterday, and stabbed hisself with a stuffed sled-stake, dying in five beautiful tabloos to slow moosic! His larst words was: 'My perfeshernal career is over! I jerk no more!'"

"And who be you?"

"I'm a stoodent in Senater Benjamin's law offiss. I'm going up North to steal some spoons and things for the Southern Army."

This was satisfactry, and the intossicated

troopers went orf. At the next station the pretty little Secesher awoke and sed she must git out there. I bid her a kind adoo and giv her sum pervisions. "Accept my blessin and this hunk of gingerbread!" I sed. She thankt me muchly and tript galy away. There's considerable human nater in a man, and I'm fraid I shall allers giv aid and comfort to the enemy if he cums to me in the shape of a nice young gal.

At the next station I didn't get orf so easy. I was dragged out of the cars and rolled in the mud for several minits, for the purpose of "takin the conseet out of me," as a Secesher kindly stated.

I was let up finally, when a powerful large Secesher came up and embraced me, and to show that he had no hard feelins agin me, put his nose into my mouth. I returned the compliment by placin my stummick suddenly agin his right foot, when he kindly made a spittoon of his able-bodied face. Actooated by a desire to see whether the Secesher had bin vaxinated I then fastened my teeth onto his left coat-sleeve and tore it to the shoulder. We then vilently bunted our heads together for a few minits, danced around a little, and sot down in a mud puddle. We riz to our feet again & by a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesher's fish. We then rushed into each other's arms and fell under a two-hoss wagon. I was very much exhaustid and didn't care about gittin up agin, but the man said he reckoned I'd better, and I conclooded I would. He pulled me up,

but I hadn't bin on my feet more'n two seconds afore the ground flew up and hit me in the hed. The crowd sed it was high old sport, but I couldn't zackly see where the lafture come in. I riz and we embraced agin. We careered madly to a steep bank, when I got the upper hands of my antaggernist and threw him into the raveen. He fell about forty feet, striking a grindstone pretty hard. I understood he was injured. I haven't heard from the grindstone.

A man in a cockt hat cum up and sed he felt as though a apology was doo me. There was a mistake. The crowd had taken me for another man! I told him not to mention it, and axed him if his wife and little ones was so as to be about, and got on bored the train, which had stopped at that station "20 minits for refreshments." I got all I wantid. It was the hartiest meal I ever et.

I was rid on a rale the next day, a bunch of blazin fire crackers bein tied to my coat tales. It was a fine spectycal in a dramatic pint of view, but I didn't enjoy it. I had other adventers of a startlin kind, but why continner? Why lasserate the Public Boozum with these here things? Suffysit to say I got across Mason & Dixie's line safe at last. I made tracks for my humsted, but she to whom I'm harnist for life failed to recognize, in the emashiated bein who stood before her, the gushin youth of forty-six summers who had left her only a few months afore. But I went into the pantry, and brought out a certain black bottle. Raisin it to my lips, I

sed "Here's to you, old gal!" I did it so natral that she knowed me at once. "Those form! Them voice! That natral stile of doin things! 'Tis he!" she cried, and rushed into my arms. It was too much for her & she fell into a swoon. I cum very near swoundin myself.

No more to-day from yours for the Pepetration of the Union, and the bringing of the Goddess of Liberty out of her present bad fix.

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN

I HAV no politics. Nary a one. I'm not in the bizniss. If I was I spose I should holler versifrusly in the streets at nite, and go home to Betsy Jane smellen of coal ile and gin in the mornin. I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my nabers was thar. I should git carriges to take the kripples, the infirm, and the indignant thar. I should be on guard agin frauds and sich. I should be on the look out for the infamus lise of the enemy, got up jest be4 elecshun for perlitical effeck. When all was over, and my candydate was elected, I should move heving & arth—so to speak—until I got orfice, which if I didn't git a orfice I should turn round and abooze the Administration with all my mite and maine. But I'm not in the bizniss. I'm in a far more respectful bizniss nor what pollertics is. I wouldn't giv two cents to be a Congresser. The wus insult I ever received was when sertin citizens of Baldinsville axed me to run fur the Legislater. Sez I, "My frends, dostest think I'd stoop to that there?" They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most orfullest tones, & they knowd I wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onct.

There4, havin no politics, I made bold to visit Old Abe at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parler, surrounded by a perfeck swarm of orfice-seekers. Knowin he had been capting of a flat boat on the roarin Mississippy I thought I'd address him in sailor lingo, so sez I, "Old Abe, ahoy! Let out yer main-suls, reef hum the forecastle & throw yer jib-poop over-board! Shiver my timbers, my harty!" [N.B.—This is ginuine mariner langwidge. I know, becawz I've seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theater fellers.] Old Abe lookt up quite cross & sez, "Send in yer petition by & by. I can't possibly look at it now. Indeed I can't. It's onpossible, sir!"

"Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I air?" sed I.

"A orfice-seeker, to be sure!" sed he.

"Wall, sir," sed I, "you's never more mistaken in your life. You hain't gut a orfis I'd take under no circumstances. I'm A. Ward. Wax figgers is my perfeshun. I'm the father of Twins, and they look like me—both of them. I cum to pay a frendly visit to the President-eleck of the United States. If so be you wants to see me, say so—if not, say so, & I'm orf like a jug handle."

"Mr Ward, sit down. I am glad to see you, sir."

"Repose in Abraham's Buzzum!" sed one of the orfice-seekers, his idee bein to get orf a goak at my expense.

"Wall," sez I, "ef all you fellers repose in that there Buzzum thare'll be mity poor nussin for

sum of you!" where upon Old Abe buttoned his weskit clear up and blusht like a maidin of sweet 16. Jest at this pint of the conversation another swarm of orfice-seekers arrove & cum pilin into the parler. Sum wanted post-orfices, sum wanted collectorships, sum wantid furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He hadn't more than had time to shake hands with 'em, before another tremenjis crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfeckly overflowed with orfice-seekers, all clameruss for a immejit interview with Old Abe. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whisky into him, mistook me for Old Abe, and addrest me as "the Pra-hayrie Flower of the West!" Thinks I, *you* want a offiss putty bad. Another man with a gold heded cane and a red nose, told Old Abe he was "a second Washington & the Pride of the Boundless West."

Sez I, "Squire, you wouldn't take a small post-offis if you could git it, would you?"

Sez he, "A patrit is abuv them things, sir!"

"There's a putty big crop of patrits this season, aint there, Squire?" sez I, when *another* crowd of offiss-seekers pored in. The house, dooryard, barn, & woodshed was now all full, and when *another* crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room, as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Michygan went up on top the house, got into the chimney and slid down into the parler where Old Abe was endeverin to keep the hungry

pack of orfice-seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minit he reached the fire-place, he jumpt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: "Don't make eny pintment at the Spunkville post-offiss till you've read my papers. All the respectful men in our town is signers to that there dockyment!"

"Good God!" cride Old Abe, "they cum upon me from the skize—down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the yearth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikit mouth before two fat offis-seekers from Wisconsin, in endeverin to crawl atween his legs for the purpuss of applyin for the tollgateship at Milwawky, upsot the President-eleck, & he would hev gone sprawlin into the fire-place if I hadn't caught him in these arms. But I hadn't morn'n stood him up strate, before another man cum crashin down the chimney, his head strikin me vilently agin the inards and prostrating my voluptoous form onto the floor. "Mr. Linkin," shoutid the infatooated being, "my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and likewise the skoolmaster!"

Sez I, "You egrejis ass," gitting up & brushin the dust from my eyes, "I'll sign your papers with this bunch of bones, if you don't be a little more keerful how you make my bread-basket a depot in the futer. How do you like that air perfumery?" sez I, shuving my fist under his nose. "Them's the kind of papers I'll giv you! Them's the papers *you* want!"

"But I workt hard for the ticket; I toiled night and day! The patrit should be rewarded!"

"Virtoo," sed I, holdin the infatooated man by the coat-collar, "virtoo, sir is its own reward. Look at me!" He did look at me, and qualed be4 my gase. "The fact is," I continued, lookin round on the hungry crowd, "there is scacely a offiss for every ile lamp carrid round durin this campane. I wish thare was. I wish thare was furrin missions to be filled on varis lonely Islands where eppydemics rage incessantly, and if I was in Old Abe's place I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What air you here for?" I continnered, warmin up considerable, "can't you giv Abe a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worrid most to death? Go home, you miserable men, go home & till the sile! Go to peddlin tinware—go to choppin wood—go to bilin sope—stuff sassengers—black boots—git a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers—becum 'original and only' Campbell Minstrels—go to lecturin at 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanut bizniss—write for the *Ledger*—saw off your legs and go round givin concerts, with techin appeals to a charitable public, printed on your handbills—anything for a honest livin, but don't come round here drivin Old Abe crazy by your outrajis cuttings up! Go home. 'Stand not upon the order of your goin,' but go to onct! Ef in five minits from this time," sez I, pullin out my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch, and brandishin it before their eyes,—"Ef in five

minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises, I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boy Constructor loose! & ef he gits amung you, you'll think old Solferino has cum again and no mistake!" You ought to hev seen them scamper, Mr Fair. They run orf as though Satun hisself was after them with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In five minits the premises was clear.

"How kin I ever repay you, Mr Ward, for your kindness?" sed Old Abe, advancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. "How kin I ever repay you, sir?"

"By givin the whole country a good, sound administration. By porein ile upon the troubled waturs, North and South. By pursooin a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then, if any State wants to secede, let 'em Sesesh!"

"How 'bout my Cabinit, Mister Ward?" sed Abe.

"Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen is devoid of politics. They hain't got any principles! They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North & South. Showmen, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters, and see small bills! Ef you want a Cabinit as is a Cabinit, fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax figger perfeshun musn't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these vains! A. Linkin, I wish you well! Ef Powers or Walcutt wus to pick out a model for a beautiful man, I scacely think

they'd sculp you; but ef you do the fair thing by your country, you'll make as putty a angel as any of us! A. Linkin, use the talents which Nature has put into you judishusly and firmly, and all will be well! A. Linkin, adoo!"

He shook me cordyully by the hand—we exchanged picters, so we could gaze upon each others' liniments when far away from one another—he at the hellum of the ship of State, and I at the hellum of the show bizniss—admittance 15 cents.

ARTEMUS WARD IN RICHMOND

RICHMOND, VA., *May* —, 18 & 65.

OLONZO WARD

AFORE I commense this letter from the late rebel capitol, I desire to simply say that I hav seen a low and skurrilus noat in the papers from a certain purson who signes hisself Olonzo Ward, & sez he is my berruther. I did *once* hav a berruther of that name, but I do not recognise him now. To me he is wuss than ded! I took him from collige sum 16 years ago, and gave him a good situation as the Bearded Woman in my Show. How did he repay me for this kindness? He basely undertook (one day while in a Backynalian mood on rum, & right in sight of the aujience in the tent) to stand upon his hed, whareby he betray'd his sex on account of his boots & his Beard fallin off his face, thus rooinin my prospecks in that town, & likewise incurrin the seris displeasure of the Press, which sed boldly I was triflin with the feelins of a intelligent public. I know no such man as Olonzo Ward. I do not ever wish his name breathed in my presents. I do not recognise him. I perfectly disgust him.

RICHMOND

The old man finds hisself once more in a Sunny climb. I cum here a few days arter the city catterpillertulated.

My naburs seemed surprised & astonisht at this darin bravery onto the part of a man at my time of life, but our family was never knowd to quale in danger's stormy hour.

My father was a sutler in the Revolootion War. My father once had a intervoo with Gin'ral La Fayette.

He asked La Fayette to lend him five dollars, promisin to pay him in the Fall; but Lafy said "he couldn't see it in those lamps." Lafy was French, and his knowledge of our langwidge was a little shaky.

Immejutly on my 'rival here I perceeded to the Spotswood House, and callin to my assistans a young man from our town who writes a good runnin hand, I put my ortograph on the Register, and handin my umbrella to a bald-heded man behind the counter, who I s'posed was Mr Spotswood, I said, "Spotsy, how does she run?"

He called a cullud purson, and said:

"Show the gen'lman to the cowyard, and giv him cart number 1."

"Isn't Grant here?" I said. "Perhaps Ulyssis wouldn't mind my turnin in with him."

"Do you know the Gin'ral?" inquired Mr Spotswood.

"Wall, no, not 'zackly; but he'll remember me. His brother-in-law's Aunt bought her rye meal

of my uncle Levi all one winter. My uncle Levi's rye meal was——"

"Pooh! Pooh!" said Spotsy, "don't bother me," and he shuv'd my umbrella onto the floor. Obsarvin to him not to be so keerless with that wepin, I accompanied the African to my lodgins.

"My brother," I sed, "air you aware that you've been 'mancipated? Do you realise how glorus it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dream, or do you realise the great fact in all its livin and holy magnitood?"

He sed he would take some gin.

I was show'd to the cowyard, and laid down under a one-mule cart. The hotel was orful crowded, and I was sorry I hadn't gone to the Libby Prison. Tho, I should hav slept comf'ble enuff if the bedclothes hadn't bin pulled off me durin the night by a scoundrel who cum and hitched a mule to the cart and druv it off. I thus lost my cuverin, and my throat feels a little husky this mornin.

Gin'ral Hulleck offers me the hospitality of the city, givin me my choice of hospitals.

He has also very kindly placed at my disposal a small-pox amboolance.

UNION SENTIMENT

There is raly a great deal of Union sentiment in this city. I see it on ev'ry hand.

I met a man to-day—I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is a old and inflooential citizen of Richmond, and sez he, "Why! we've

bin fightin agin the Old Flag! Lor bless me, how sing'lar!" He then borrer'd five dollars of me and bust into a flood of tears.

Sed another (a man of standin and formerly a bitter rebuel), "Let us at once stop this effooshun of Blud! The Old Flag is good enuff for me. Sir," he added, "You air from the North! Have you a doughnut or a piece of custard pie about you?"

I told him no, but I knew a man from Vermont who had just organised a sort of restaurant, where he could go and make a very comfortable breakfast on New England rum and cheese. He borrowed fifty cents of me, and askin me to send him Wm. Lloyd Garrison's ambrotype as soon as I got home, he walked off.

Said another, "There's bin a tremenduous Union feelin here from the fust. But we was kept down by a rain of terror. Have you a dagerretype of Wendell Phillips about your person? and will you lend me four dollars for a few days till we air once more a happy and united people?"

JEFF. DAVIS

Jeff. Davis is not pop'lar here. She is regarded as a Southern sympathiser. & yit I'm told he was kind to his Parents. She ran away from 'em many years ago, and has never bin back. This was showin 'em a good deal of consideration when we reflect what his conduck has been. Her captur in female apparel confooses me in regard in his sex, & you see I speak of

him as a her as frekent as otherwise, & I guess he feels so hisself.

R. LEE

Robert Lee is regarded as a noble feller.

He was opposed to the war at the fust, and draw'd his sword very reluctant. In fact, he wouldn't hav draw'd his sword at all, only he had a large stock of military clothes on hand, which he didn't want to waste. He sez the colored man is right, and he will at once go to New York and open a Sabbath School for negro minstrels.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY

The surrender of R. Lee, J. Johnson, and others, leaves the Confedrit Army in a ruther shattered state. That army now consists of Kirby Smith, four mules, and a Bass drum, and is movin rapidly to'rds Texis.

A PROUD AND HAWTY SUTHENER

Feelin a little peckish I went into a eatin house to-day and encountered a young man with long black hair and slender frame. He didn't wear much clothes, and them as he did wear looked onhealthy. He frowned on me, and sed, kinder scornful, "So, Sir—you come here to taunt us in our hour of trouble, do you?"

"No," said I, "I cum here for hash!"

"Pish-haw!" he sed, sneerinly; "I mean you air in this city for the purpuss of gloatin over a

fallen peple. Others may basely succumb, but as for me, I will never yield—*never, never!*"

"Hav suthin to eat!" I pleasantly suggested.

"Tripe and onions!" he sed, furcely; then he added, "I eat with you, but I hate you. You're a low-lived Yankee!"

To which I pleasantly replied, "How'l you have your tripe?"

"Fried, mudsill! with plenty of ham-fat!"

He et very ravenus. Poor feller! He had lived on odds and ends for several days, eatin crackers that had bin turned over by revelers in the bread-tray at the bar.

He got full at last, and his hart softened a little to'ards me. "After all," he sed, "you hav sum peple at the North who air not wholly loathsum beasts?"

"Well, yes," I sed, "we hav now and then a man among us who isn't a cold-bluded scoundril. Young man," I mildly but gravely sed, "this crooil war is over, and you're lickt! It's rather necessary for sumbody to lick in a good square, lively fite, and in this 'ere case it happens to be the United States of America. You fit splendid, but we was too many for you. Then make the best of it, & let us all give in and put the Republic on a firmer basis nor ever.

"I don't gloat over your misfortins, my young fren. Fur from it. I'm a old man now, & my hart is softer nor it once was. You see my spectacles is misten'd with suthin very like tears. I'm thinkin of the sea of good rich blud that has been spilt on both sides in this dredful war!

I'm thinkin of our widders and orfuns North, and of your'n in the South. I kin cry for both. B'leeve me, my young fren, I kin place my old hands tenderly on the fair yung hed of the Virginny maid whose lover was laid low in the battle dust by a fed'ral bullet, and say, as fervently and piously as a vener'ble sinner like me kin say anythin, God be good to you, my poor dear, my poor dear."

I riz up to go, & takin my yung Southern fren kindly by the hand, I sed, "Yung man, adoo! You Southern fellers is probly my brothers, tho' you've occasionally had a cussed queer way of showin it! It's over now. Let us all jine in and make a country on this continent that shall giv all Europe the cramp in the stummuck ev'ry time they look at us! Adoo, adoo!"

And as I am through, I'll likewise say adoo to you, jentle reader, merely remarkin that the Star-Spangled Banner is wavin round loose agin, and that there don't seem to be anything the matter with the Goddess of Liberty beyond a slight cold.

ARTEMUS WARD.

ARTEMUS WARD IN WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, *April* 17, 1863.

MY wife stood before the lookin-glass, a fussin up her hair.

"What you doin, Betsy?" I inquired.

"Doin up my back hair," she replied.

"Betsy," sed I, with a stern air, "Betsy, you're too old to think about such frivolities as back hair."

"Too old? *too old?*" she screamed; "too old, you bald-heded idiot! You ain't got hair enuff onto *your* hed to make a decent wig for a single-brested grasshopper!"

The Rebook was severe, but merited. Hens4th I shall let my wife's back hair alone. You heard me!

My little dawter is growin quite rapid, and begins to scrootinize clothin, with young men inside of it, putty clost. I obsarve, too, that she twists pieces of paper round her hair at nights, and won't let me put my arms round her any more for fear I'll muss her. "Your mother wasn't fraid I'd muss *her* when she was your age, my child," sed I one day, with a sly twinkle into my dark bay eye.

"No," replied my little dawter, "she probly liked it."

You ain't going to fool female Young America much. You may gamble on *that*.

But all this, which happened in Baldinsville a week ago, hain't nothin to do with Washington, from whither I now write you, hopin the items I hereby sends will be exceptable to the Gin-Cocktail of America—I mean the *Punch* thereof. [A mild wittikism.—A. W.]

Washington, D. C., is the Capital of "our once happy country"—if I may be allowed to koin a frase! The D. C. stands for Desprit Cusses, a numerosity which abounds here, the most of whom persess a Romantic pashun for gratooitous drinks. And in this conjunction I will relate an incident. I notist for several days a large Hearse standin in front of the principal tavern on Pennsylvania Avenoo. "Can you tell me, my fair Castillian," sed I this mornin, to a young Spaniard from Tipperary, who was blackin boots in the washroom—"can you tell me what those Hearse is kept standin out there for?"

"Well, you see our Bar bisness is great. You've no idee of the number of people who drink at our Bar durin a day. You see those Hearse is necessary."

I saw.

Standin in front of the tarvuns on Pennsylvany Avenoo is a lot of miserbul wretches,—black, white and ring strickid, and freckkled—with long whips in their hands, who frowns upon you like the vulture upon the turtle-dove the minut you dismerge from a hotel. They own yonder four-wheeled startlin curiositys, which were

used years and years ago by the fust settlers of Virginny to carry live hogs to market in. The best carriage I saw in the entire collection was used by Pockyhontas, sum two hundred years ago as a goat-pen. Becumin so used up that it couldn't hold goats, that fair and gentle savage put it up at auction. Subsekently it was used as a hospital for sick calves, then as a hencoop, and finally it was put on wheels and is now doin duty as a hack.

I called on Secretary Welles, of the Navy. You know he is quite a mariner himself, havin once owned a Raft of logs on the Connettycut river. So I put on saler stile and hollered: "Ahoy, shipmet! Tip us yer grapplin irons!"

"Yes, yes!" he sed, nervously, "but mercy on us, don't be so noisy."

"Ay, ay, my hearty! But let me sing about how Jack Stokes lost his gal:

> 'The reason why he couldn't gain her,
> Was becoz he's drunken saler!'

"That's very good, indeed," said the Secky, "but this is hardly the place to sing songs in, my friend."

"Let me write the songs of a nashun," sed I "and I don't care a cuss who goes to the legislater! But I ax your pardon—how's things?"

"Comfortable, I thank you. I have here," he added, "a copy of the Middletown *Weekly Clarion* of February the 15, containin a report that there isn't much Union sentiment in South Caroliny, but I hardly credit it."

"Air you well, Mr Secky," sed I. "Is your liver all right? How's your koff?"

"God bless me!" sed the Secky, risin hastily and glarin wildly at me, "what do you mean?"

"Oh nothin partickler. Only it is one of the beauties of a Republican form of gov'ment that a Cabnit offisser can pack up his trunk and go home whenever he's sick. Sure nothin don't ail your liver?" sed I, pokin him putty vilent in the stummick.

I called on Abe. He received me kindly. I handed him my umbreller, and told him I'd have a check for it if he pleased. "That," sed he, "puts me in mind of a little story. There was a man out in our parts who was so mean that he took his wife's coffin out of the back winder for fear he would rub the paint off the doorway. Wall, about this time there was a man in a adjacent town who had a green cotton umbreller."

"Did it fit him well? Was it custom made? Was he measured for it?"

"Measured for what?" said Abe.

"The umbreller?"

"Wall, as I was sayin," continnerd the President, treatin the interruption with apparent contempt, "this man sed he'd known that there umbreller ever since it was a parasol. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes," sed I, larfin in a respectful manner, "but what has this man with the umbreller to do with the man who took his wife's coffin out of the back winder?"

"To be sure," said Abe—"what was it? I

must have got two stories mixed together, which puts me in mind of another lit——"

"Never mind, Your Excellency. I called to congratulate you on your career, which has been a honest and a good one—unscared and unmoved by Secesh in front of you and Abbolish at the back of you—each one of which is a little wuss than the other if possible!

"Tell E. Stanton that his boldness, honesty, and vigger merits all prase, but to keep his under-garmints on. E. Stanton has appeerently only one weakness, which it is, he can't allus keep his under-garmints from flyin up over his hed. I mean that he occasionally dances in a peck-measure, and he don't look graceful at it."

I took my departer. "Good bye, old sweetness!" sed Abe, shakin me cordgully by the hand.

"Adoo, my Prahayrie flower!" I replied, and made my exit. "Twenty-five thousand dollars a year and found," I soliloquised, as I walked down the street, "is putty good wages for a man with a modist appytite, but I reckon that it is wuth it to run the White House."

"What you bowt, sah? What the debble you doin, sah?"

It was the voice of an Afrikin Brother which thus spoke to me. There was a cullud procession before me which was escortin a elderly baldhedded Afrikin to his home in Bates Alley. This distinguished Afrikin Brother had just returned from Lybery, and in turnin a corner putty sud-

dent I hed stumbled and placed my hed agin his stummick in a rather strengthy manner.

"Do you wish to impede the progress of this procession, sah?"

"Certainly not, by all means! Procesh!"

And they went on.

I'm reconstructing my show. I've bo't a collection of lifesize wax figgers of our prominent Revolutionary forefathers. I bo't 'em at auction, and got 'em cheap. They stand me about two dollars and fifty cents (2 dols. 50 cents) per Revolutionary forefather.

Ever as always yours,

A. WARD.

IN CANADA

I'm at present existin under a monikal form of Gov'ment. In other words I'm travellin among the crowded heds of Canady. They ain't pretty bad people. On the cont'ry, they air exceedin good people.

Troo, they air deprived of many blessins. They don't enjoy, for instans, the priceless boon of a war. They haven't any American Egil to onchain, and they hain't got a Fourth of July to their backs.

Altho' this is a monikal form of Gov'ment, I am onable to perceeve much moniky. I tried to git a piece in Toronto, but failed to succeed.

Mrs. Victoria, who is Queen of England, and has all the luxuries of the markets, incloodin game in its season, don't bother herself much about Canady, but lets her do 'bout as she's a mind ter. She, however, gin'rally keeps her supplied with a lord, who's called a Gov'ner Gin'ral. Sometimes the politicians of Canady make it lively for this lord—for Canady has politicians, and I expect they don't differ from our politicians, some of 'em bein gifted and talented liars, no doubt.

The present Gov'ner Gin'ral of Canady is Lord Monk. I saw him review some volunteers at Montreal. He was accompanied by some

other lords and dukes and generals and those sort of things. He rode a little bay horse, and his close wasn't any better than mine. You'll always notiss, by the way, that the higher up in the world a man is, the less good harness he puts on. Hence Gin'ral Halleck walks the streets in plain citizen's dress, while the second lieutenant of a volunteer regiment piles all the brass things he can find onto his back, and drags a forty-pound sword after him.

Monk has been in the lord bisniss some time, and I understand it pays, tho' I don't know what a lord's wages is. The wages of sin is death. But this has nothing to do with Monk.

One of Lord Monk's daughters rode with him on the field. She has golden hair, a kind good face, and wore a red hat. I should be very happy to have her pay me and my family a visit at Baldinsville. Come and bring your knittin, Miss Monk. Mrs Ward will do the fair thing by you. She makes the best slap-jacks in America. As a slap-jackist, she has no ekal. She wears the Belt.

What the review was all about, I don't know. I haven't a gigantic intelleck, which can grasp great questions at onct. I am not a Webster or a Seymour.* I am not a Washington or a Old Abe. Fur from it. I am not as gifted a man as Henry Ward Beecher. Even the congregation of Plymouth Meetin House in Brooklyn will admit that. Yes, I should think so. But while I don't have the slitest idee as to what the review

* Governor Seymour of New York.

was fur, I will state that the sojers looked pretty scrumptious in their red and green close.

Come with me, gentle reader, to Quebeck. Quebeck was surveyed and laid out by a gentleman who had been afflicted with the delirium tremens from childhood, and hence his idees of things was a little irreg'ler. The streets don't lead anywheres in partic'ler, but everywheres in gin'ral. The city is bilt on a variety of perpendicler hills, each hill bein a trifle wuss nor t'other one. Quebeck is full of stone walls, and arches, and citadels, and things. It is said no foe could ever get into Quebeck, and I guess they couldn't. And I don't see what they'd *want* to get in there for.

Quebeck has seen lively times in a warlike way. The French and Britishers had a set-to there in 1759. Jim Wolfe commanded the latters, and Jo Montcalm the formers. Both were hunky boys, and fit nobly. But Wolfe was too many measles for Montcalm, and the French was slew'd. Wolfe and Montcalm was both killed. In arter years a common monyment was erected by the gen'rous people of Quebeck, aided by a bully Earl named George Dalhousie, to these noble fellers. That was well done.

Durin the Revolutionary War B. Arnold made his way, through dense woods and thick snows, from Maine to Quebeck, which it was one of the hunkiest things ever done in the military line. It would have been better if B. Arnold's funeral had come off immediately on his arrival there.

On the Plains of Abraham there was onct

some tall fitin, and ever since then there has been a great demand for the bones of the slew'd on that there occassion. But the real ginooine bones was long ago carried off, and now the boys make a hansum thing by cartin the bones of hosses and sheep out there, and sellin 'em to intelligent American towerists. Takin a perfessional view of this dodge, I must say that it betrays genius of a lorfty character.

It reminded me of an inspired feet of my own. I used to exhibit a wax figure of Henry Wilkins, the Boy Murderer. Henry had, in a moment of inadvertence, killed his Uncle Ephram, and walked off with the old man's money. Well, this stattoo was lost somehow, and not sposin it would make any particler difference, I substitooted the full-grown stattoo of one of my distinguished piruts for the Boy Murderer. One night I exhibited to a poor but honest audience in the town of Stoneham, Maine. "This, ladies and gentlemen," said I, pointing my umbrella (that weapon which is indispensable to every troo American) to the stattoo, "this is a life-like wax figger of the notorious Henry Wilkins, who in the dead of night murdered his Uncle Ephram in cold blood. A sad warning to all uncles havin murderers for nephews. When a mere child this Henry Wilkins was compelled to go to the Sunday school. He carried no Sunday-school book. The teacher told him to go home and bring one. He went, and returned with a comic song book. A depraved proceedin."

"But," says a man in the audience, "when you

was here before your wax figure represented Henry Wilkins as a boy. Now, Henry was hung, and yet you show him to us now as a full-grown man. How's that?"

"The figger has growd, sir—it has growd," I said.

I was angry. If it had been in these times I think I should have informed agin him as a traitor to his flag, and had him put in Fort Lafayette.

I say adoo to Quebeck with a regret. It is old fogyish, but chock full of interest. Young gentlemen of a romantic turn of mind, who air botherin their heads as to how they can spend their father's money, had better see Quebeck.

Altogether I like Canady. Good people, and lots of pretty girls. I wouldn't mind comin over here to live in the capacity of a Duke, provided a vacancy occurs, and provided further, I could be allowed a few star-spangled banners, a eagle, a boon of liberty, etc.

Don't think I've skedaddled. Not at all. I'm coming home in a week.

Let's have the Union restored as it was, if we can; but if we can't, I'm in favour of the Union as it wasn't. But the Union anyhow.

Gentlemen of the editorial corps, if you would be happy be virtoous! I, who am the emblem of virtoo, tell you so.

(Signed)
A. Ward.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

To my Frends of the Editorial Corpse:

I rite these lines on British sile. I've bin follerin Mrs Victory's hopeful sun Albert Edward threw Kanady with my onparaleled Show, and tho I haint made much in a pecoonery pint of view, I've lernt sumthin new, over hear on British Sile, whare they bleeve in Saint Gorge and the Dragoon. Previs to cumin over hear I tawt my organist how to grind Rule Brittanny and other airs which is poplar on British Sile. I likewise fixt a wax figger up to represent Sir Edmun Hed the Govner Ginral. The statoot I fixt up is the most versytile wax statoot I ever saw. I've showd it as Wm. Penn, Napoleon Bonypart, Juke of Wellington, the Beneker Boy, Mrs. Cunningham, & varis other notid persons, & also for a sertin pirut named Hix. I've bin so long amung wax statoots that I can fix 'em up to soot the tastes of folks, & with sum paints I hav I kin giv their facis a beneverlent or fiendish look as the kase requires. I giv Sir Edmun Hed a beneverlent look, & when sum folks who thawt they was smart sed it didn't look like Sir Edmun Hed anymore than it did anybody else, I sed, "That's the pint. That's the beauty of the Statoot. It looks like Sir Edmun Hed or any other man. You may kall it what you pleese.

Ef it don't look like anybody that ever lived, then it's sertinly a remarkable Statoot & well worth seein. *I* kall it Sir Edmun Hed. *You* may kall it what you darn pleese!" [I had 'em thare.]

At larst I've had a interview with the Prince, tho it putty nigh cost me my vallerble life. I cawt a glimps of him as he sot on the Pizarro of the hotel in Sarnia, & elbowed myself threw a crowd of wimin, children, sojers, & Injins that was hangin round the tavern. I was drawin near the Prince when a red faced man in Millingtery close grabd holt of me and axed me whare I was goin all so bold?

"To see Albert Edard the Prince of Wales," sez I; "who are you?"

He sed he was Kurnal of the Seventy Fust Regiment, Her Magisty's troops. I told him I hoped the Seventy Onesters was in good helth, and was passin by when he ceased hold of me agin, and sed in a tone of indigent cirprise:

"What? Impossible! It kannot be! Blarst my hize, sir, did I understan you to say that you was actooally goin into the presents of his Royal Iniss?"

"That's what's the matter with me," I replide.

"But blarst my hize, sir, its onprecendented. It's orful, sir. Nothin' like it hain't happened sins the Gun Power Plot of Guy Forks. Owdashus man, who air yu?"

"Sir," sez I, drawin myself up & puttin on a defiant air, "I'm a Amerycan sitterzen. My name is Ward. I'm a husband & the father of

twins, which I'm happy to state they look like me. By perfeshun I'm a exhibiter of wax works & sich."

"Good God!" yelled the Kurnal, "the idee of a exhibiter of wax figgers goin into the presents of Royalty! The British Lion may well roar with raje at the thawt!"

Sez I, "Speakin of the British Lion, Kurnal, I'd like to make a bargin with you fur that beast fur a few weeks to add to my Show." I didn't meen nothin by this. I was only gettin orf a goak, but you orter hev seen the Old Kurnal jump up & howl. He actooally fomed at the mowth.

"This can't be real," he showtid. "No, no. It's a horrid dream. Sir, you air not a human bein—you hav no existents—yure a Myth!"

"Wall," sez I, "old hoss, yule find me a ruther onkomfortable Myth ef you punch my inards in that way agin." I began to git a little riled, fur when he called me a Myth he puncht me putty hard. The Kurnal now commenst showtin fur the Seventy Onesters. I at fust thawt I'd stay & becum a Marter to a British Outraje, as sich a course mite git my name up, & be a good advertisement fur my Show; but it occurred to me that ef enny of the Seventy Onesters should happen to insert a barronet into my stummick, it mite be onplesunt, & I was on the pint of runnin orf when the Prince hisself kum up & axed me what the matter was. Sez I, "Albert Edard, is that you?" & he smilt & sed it was. Sez I, "Albert Edard, hears my keerd.

I cum to pay my respecks to the futer King of Ingland. The Kurnal of the Seventy Onesters hear is ruther smawl pertaters, but of course you ain't to blame fur that. He puts on as many airs as tho he was the Bully Boy with the glass eye."

"Never mind," sez Albert Edard; "I'm glad to see you, Mister Ward, at all events," & he tuk my hand so plesunt like & larfed so sweet that I fell in love with him to onct. He handed me a segar & we sot down on the Pizarro & commenst smokin rite cheerful. "Wall," sez I, "Albert Edard, how's the old folks?"

"Her Majesty & the Prince are well," he sed.

"Duz the old man take his Lager beer reglar?" I inquired.

The Prince larfed, & intermatid that the old man didn't let many kegs of that bevridge spile in the sellar in the coarse of a year. We sot & tawked there sum time abowt matters & things, & bimeby I axed him how he liked bein Prince as fur as he'd got.

"To speak plain, Mister Ward," he sed, "I don't much like it. I'm sick of all this bowin & scrapin & crawlin & hurrain over a boy like me. I would rather go through the country quietly & enjoy myself in my own way, with the other boys, & not be made a Show of to be garped at by everybody. When the *peple* cheer me I feel pleesed, fur I know they mean it, but if these one-horse offishuls coold know how I see threw all their moves & understan exackly what they air after, & knowd how I larft at 'em in private, theyd stop kissin my hands & fawnin over me

as thay now do. But you know Mr Ward I can't help bein a Prince, & I must do all I kin to fit myself fur the persishun I must sumtime ockepy."

"That's troo," sez I; "sickness and the docters will carry the Queen orf one of these dase, sure's yer born."

The time hevin arove fur me to take my departer, I rose up & sed: "Albert Edard, I must go, but previs to doin so I will obsarve that you soot me. Yure a good feller, Albert Edard, & tho I'm agin Princes as a gineral thing, I must say I like the cut of your Gib. When you git to be King try and be as good a man as yure muther has bin! Be just & be Jenerus, espeshully to showmen, who hav allers bin aboozed sins the dase of Noah, who was the fust man to go into the Menagery bizniss, & ef the daily papers of his time air to be beleeved Noah's colleckshun of livin wild beests beet ennything ever seen sins, tho I make bold to dowt ef his snaiks was ahead of mine. Albert Edard, adoo!" I tuk his hand which he shook warmly, & givin him a perpetooal free pars to my show, & also parses to take hum for the Queen & Old Albert, I put on my hat and walkt away.

"Mrs Ward," I solilerquized, as I walkt along, "Mrs Ward, ef you could see your husband now, just as he prowdly emerjis from the presunts of the futur King of Ingland, you'd be sorry you called him a Beest jest becaws he cum home tired 1 nite, and wantid to go to bed without takin orf his boots. You'd be sorry for tryin

to deprive yure husband of the priceliss Boon of liberty, Betsy Jane!"

Jest then I met a long perseshun of men with gownds onto 'em. The leader was on horseback, & ridin up to me he sed, "Air you Orange?"

Sez I, "Which?"

"Air you a Orangeman?" he repeated, sternly.

"I used to peddle lemins," sed I, "but I never delt in oranges. They are apt to spile on yure hands. What particler Loonatic Asylum hev yu & yure frends escaped frum, ef I may be so bold?" Just then a sudden thawt struck me, & I sed, "Oh yure the fellers who air worryin the Prince so & givin the Juke of Noocastle cold sweats at nite, by your infernal catawalins, air you? Wall, take the advice of a Amerykin sitterzen: take orf them gownds & don't try to get up a religious fite, which is 40 times wuss nor a prize fite, over Albert Edard, who wants to receive you all on a ekal footin, not keerin a tinker's cuss what meetin house you sleep in Sundays. Go home and mind yure bizniss & not make noosenses of yourselves." With which observashuns I left 'em.

I shall leeve British sile 4thwith.

BOSTON

A. W. TO HIS WIFE

DEAR BETSY,—I write you this from Boston, "the Modern Atkins," as it is denomyunated, altho' I skurcely know what those air. I'll giv you a kursoory view of this city. I'll klassify the paragrafs under seprit headins, arter the stile of those Emblems of Trooth and Poority, the Washington correspondents:—

COPPS' HILL

The winder of my room commands a exileratin view of Copps' Hill, where Cotton Mather, the father of the Reformers and sich, lies berrid. There is men even now who worship Cotton, and there is wimin who wear him next their harts. But I do not weep for him. He's bin ded too lengthy. I aint goin to be absurd, like old Mr Skillins, in our naberhood, who is ninety-six years of age, and gets drunk every 'lection day, and weeps Bitturly because he haint got no parents. He's a nice orphan, *he* is.

BUNKER HILL

Bunker Hill is over yonder in Charleston. In 1776 a thrillin dramy was acted out over there,

in which the "Warren Combination"* played star parts.

MR FANUEL

Old Mr Fanuel is ded, but his Hall is still into full blarst. This is the Cradle in which the Goddess of Liberty was rocked, my Dear. The Goddess hasn't bin very well durin the past few years and the num'ris quack doctors she called in didn't help her any; but the old gal's physicians now are men who understand their bisness, Major-generally speakin, and I think the day is near when she'll be able to take her three meals a day, and sleep nights as comf'bly as in the old time.

THE COMMON

It is here, as ushil; and the low cuss who called it a Wacant Lot, and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with sum Bildins, is a onhappy outcast in Naponsit.

THE LEGISLATUR

The State House is filled with Statesmen, but sum of 'em wear queer hats. They buy 'em, I take it, of hatters who carry on hat stores downstairs in Dock Square, and whose hats is either ten years ahead of the prevalin stile, or ten years behind it—jest as a intellectooal person sees fit to think about it. I had the pleasure of

*The theatrical combination headed by Mr. William Warren was popular at the time.

talkin with sevril members of the legislatur. I told 'em the Eye of 1000 ages was onto we American peple of to-day. They seemed deeply impressed by the remark, and wantid to know if I had seen the Grate Orgin?*

HARVARD COLLEGE

This celebrated institootion of learnin is pleasantly situated in the Bar-room of Parker's, in School Street, and has poopils from all over the country.

I had a letter yes'd'y, by the way, from our mootual son, Artemus, Jr., who is at Bowdoin College in Maine. He writes that he's a Bowdoin Arab. & is it cum to this? Is this Boy, as I nurtered with a Parent's care into his childhood's hour—is he goin to be a Grate American humorist? Alars! I fear it is too troo. Why didn't I bind him out to the Patent Travellin Vegetable Pill Man, as was struck with his appearance at our last County Fair, & wanted him to go with him and be a Pillist? Ar, these Boys —they little know how the old folks worrit about 'em. But my father he never had no occasion to worrit about me. You know, Betsy, that when I fust commenced my career as a moral exhibitor with a six-legged cat and a Bass drum, I was only a simple peasant child—skurce 15 Summers had flow'd over my yoothful hed. But I had sum mind of my own. My father understood this. "Go," he said—"go, my son,

* The new organ in the Music Hall was just then the longest feather in Boston's cap.

and hog the public!" (he ment, "knock 'em," but the old man was allus a little given to slang). He put his withered han' tremblinly onto my hed, and went sadly into the house. I thought I saw tears tricklin down his venerable chin, but it might hav been tobacker jooce. He chaw'd.

LITERATOOR

The *Atlantic Monthly,* Betsy, is a reg'lar visitor to our westun home. I like it because it has got sense. It don't print stories with piruts and honist young men into 'em, making the piruts splendid fellers and the honist young men dis'gree'ble idiots—so that our darters very nat'rally prefer the piruts to the honist young idiots; but it gives us good square American literatoor. The chaps that write for the *Atlantic,* Betsy, understand their bisness. They can sling ink, they can. I went in and saw 'em. I told 'em that theirs was a high and holy mission. They seemed quite gratified, and asked me if I had seen the Grate Orgin.

WHERE THE FUST BLUD WAS SPILT

I went over to Lexington yes'd'y. My Boosum hove with sollum emotions. "& this," I said to a man who was drivin a yoke of oxen, "this is where our revolutionary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blud. Classic ground!"

"Wall," the man said, "it's good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin wheat,

t'aint worth a dam. But hav you seen the Grate Orgin?"

THE POOTY GIRL IN SPECTACLES

I returned in the Hoss Cars, part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sot near me, and was tellin a young man how much he reminded her of a man she used to know in Waltham. Putty soon the young man got out, and, smilin in a seductive manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, "Don't *I* remind you of somebody you used to know?"

"Yes," she said, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealin a Bar'l of mackril—he died there, so I conclood you aint *him*." I didn't pursoo the conversation. I only heard her silvery voice once more durin the remainder of the jerney. Turnin to a respectable lookin female of advanced summers, she asked her if she had seen the Grate Orgin.

We old chaps, my dear, air apt to forget that it is sum time since we was infants, and et lite food. Nothin of further int'rist took place on the cars excep a colored gentleman, a total stranger to me, asked if I'd lend him my diamond Brestpin to wear to a funeral in South Boston. I told him I wouldn't—not a *purpuss*.

WILD GAME

Altho' fur from the prahayries, there is abundans of wild game in Boston, such as quails, snipes, plover, and Props.

COMMON SKOOLS

A excellent skool sistim is in vogy here. John Slurk, my old pardner, has a little son who has only bin to skool two months, and yet he exhibertid his father's performin Bear in the show all last summer. I hope they pay partic'lar 'tention to Spelin in these Skools, because if a man can't Spel wel he's of no 'kount.

SUMMIN UP

I ment to have allooded to the Grate Orgin in this letter, but I haven't seen it. Mr Reveer, whose tavern The Revere House I stop at, informed me that it can be distinctly heard through a smoked glass in his nativ town in New Hampshire, any clear day. But settin the Grate Orgin aside (and indeed, I don't think I heard it mentioned all the time I was there), Boston is one of the grandest, sure-footedest, clear-headest, comfortablest cities on the globe. Onlike ev'ry other large city I was ever in the most of the hackmen don't seem to hav bin speshully intended by natur for the Burglery perfession, and it's about the only large city I know of where you don't enjoy a brilliant opportunity of bein swindled in sum way, from the Risin of the sun to the goin down thereof. There4 I say, loud and continnered applaus for Boston!

DOMESTIC MATTERS

Kiss the children for me. What you tell me 'bout the Twins greeves me sorely. When I

sent 'em that Toy Enjine I had not contempyulated that they would so fur forgit what was doo the dignity of our house as to squirt dish-water on the Incum Tax Collector. It is a disloyal act, and shows a prematoor leanin tords cussedness that alarms me. I send to Amelia Ann, our oldest dawter, sum new music, viz.: "I am lonely sints My Mother-in-law Died;" "Dear Mother, What tho' the Hand that Spanked me in my Childhood's Hour is withered now?" &c. These song writers, by the way, air doin the Mother bisiness raythor too muchly.

Your Own Troo Husban,
ARTEMUS WARD.

THINGS IN NEW YORK

THE stoodent and connyseer must have noticed and admired in varis parts of the United States of America, large yeller handbills, which not only air gems of art in theirselves, but they troothfully sit forth the attractions of my show —a show, let me here obsarve, that contains many livin wild animals, every one of which has got a Beautiful Moral.

Them handbils is sculpt in New York.

& I annoolly repair here to git some more on um;

&, bein here, I tho't I'd issoo a Address to the public on matters and things.

Since last I meyandered these streets, I have bin all over the Pacific Slopes and Utah. I cum back now, with my virtoo unimpared, but I've got to git some new clothes.

Many changes has taken place, even durin my short absence, & sum on um is Sollum to contempulate. The house in Varick Street, where I used to Board, is bein torn down. That house, which was rendered memoriable by my livin into it, is "parsin away! parsin away!" But some of the timbers will be made into canes, which will be sold to my admirers at the low price of one dollar each. Thus is changes goin on continerly. In the New World it is war—

in the Old World Empires is totterin & Dysentaries is crumblin. These canes is cheap at a dollar.

Sammy Booth, Duane Street, sculps my hanbills, & he's a artist. He studied in Rome—State of New York.

I'm here to read the proof-sheets of my hanbils as fast as they're sculpt. You have to watch these ere printers pretty close, for they're jest as apt to spel a word rong as anyhow.

But I have time to look round sum & how do I find things? I return to the Atlantic States after a absence of ten months, & what State do I find the country in? Why, I don't know what State I find it in. Suffice it to say, that I do not find it in the State of New Jersey.

I find sum things that is cheerin, partic'ly the resolve on the part of the wimin of America to stop wearin furrin goods.

I never meddle with my wife's things. She may wear muslin from Greenland's icy mountins, and bombazeen from Injy's coral strands, if she wants to; but I'm glad to state that that superior woman has peeled off all her furrin clothes and jumpt into fabrics of domestic manufactur.

But, says sum folks, if you stop importin things you stop the revenoo. That's all right. We can stand it if the Revenoo can. On the same principle young men should continer to get drunk on French brandy and to smoke their livers as dry as a corncob with Cuby cigars, be-

cause 4sooth if they don't, it will hurt the Revenoo! This talk 'bout the Revenoo is of the bosh, boshy. One thing is tol'bly certin—if we don't send gold out of the country we shall have the consolation of knowing that it is in the country. So I say great credit is doo the wimin for this patriotic move—and to tell the trooth, the wimin generally know what they're 'bout. Of all the blessins they're the soothinist. If there'd never bin any wimin, where would my children be to-day?

But I hope this move will lead to other moves that air just as much needed, one of which is a genral and therrer curtainment of expenses all round. The fact is we air gettin ter'bly extravagant, & onless we paws in our mad career in less than two years the Goddess of Liberty will be seen dodgin into a Pawn Broker's shop with the other gown done up in a bundle, even if she don't have to Spout the gold stars in her headband. Let us all take hold jintly, and live and dress centsibly like our forefathers, who know'd moren we do, if they warn't quite so honest! (Suttle goak.)

There air other cheerin signs. We don't, for-instuns, lack great Gen'rals, and we certinly don't lack brave sojers—but there's one thing I wish we did lack, and that is our present Congress.

I venture to say that if you sarch the earth all over with a ten-hoss power mikriscope, you won't be able to find such another pack of pop-

pycock gabblers as the present Congress of the United States of America.

Gentlemen of the Senit & of the House, you've sot there and draw'd your pay and made summer-complaint speeches long enuff. The country at large, incloodin the undersined, is disgusted with you. Why don't you show us a statesman—sumbody who can make a speech that will hit the pop'lar hart right under the Great Public weskit? Why don't you show us a statesman who can rise up to the Emergency, and cave in the Emergency's head?

Congress, you won't do. Go home, you mizzerable devils—go home!

At a special Congressional 'lection in my district the other day I delib'ritly voted for Henry Clay. I admit that Henry is dead, but inasmuch as we don't seem to have a live statesman in our National Congress, let us by all means have a first-class corpse.

Them who think that a cane made from the timbers of the house I once boarded in is essenshal to their happiness, should not delay about sendin the money right on for one.

And now, with a genuine hurrar for the wimin who air goin to abandin furrin goods, and another for the patriotic everywheres, I'll leave public matters and indulge in a little pleasant family gossip.

My reported captur by the North American savijis of Utah, led my wide circle of friends and creditors to think that I had bid adoo to

earthly things, and was a angel playin on a golden harp. Hents my 'rival home was onexpected.

It was 11 P.M. when I reached my homestid and knocked a healthy knock on the door thereof.

A nightcap thrusted itself out of the front chamber winder (It was my Betsy's nightcap) and a voice said:

"Who is it?"

"It is a Man!" I answered, in a gruff vois.

"I don't b'lieve it!" she sed.

"Then come down and search me," I replied.

Then resumin my nat'ral voice, I said, "It is your own A. W., Betsy! Sweet lady, wake! Ever of thou!"

"Oh," she said, "it's you, is it? I thought I smelt some thing."

But the old girl was glad to see me.

In the mornin I found that my family were entertainin a artist from Philadelphy, who was there paintin some startlin waterfalls and mountins, and I mor'n suspected he had a hankerin for my oldest dauter.

"Mr Skimmerhorn, father," sed my dauter.

"Glad to see you, sir!" I replied in a hospittle vois—"glad to see you."

"He is an artist, father," sed my child.

"A whichist?"

"An artist. A painter."

"And glazier?" I askt. "Air you a painter and glazier, sir?"

My dauter and wife was mad, but I couldn't help it, I felt in a comikil mood.

"It is a wonder to me, sir," said the artist, "considerin what a wide-spread reputation you have, that some of our Eastern managers don't secure you."

"It's a wonder to me," said I to my wife, "that somebody don't secure him with a chain."

After breakfast I went over to town to see my old friends. The editor of the *Bugle* greeted me cordyully, and showed me the follerin article he'd just written about the paper on the other side of the street:—

"We have recently put up in our office an entirely new sink, of unique construction, with two holes through which the soiled water may pass to the new bucket underneath. What will the hell-hounds of *The Advertiser* say to this? We shall continue to make improvements as fast as our rapidly-increasing business may warrant. Wonder whether a certain Editor's wife thinks she can palm off a brass watch-chain on this community for a gold one?"

"That," says the editor, "hits him whar he lives. That will close him up as bad as it did when I wrote an article ridicooling his sister, who's got a cock-eye."

A few days after my return I was shown a young man, who says he'll be Dam if he goes to the war. He was settin on a barrel, & was indeed a Loathsum objeck.

Last Sunday I heard Parson Batkins preach, and the good old man preached well, too, tho'

his prayer was rather lengthy. The editor of the *Bugle,* who was with me, said that prayer would make fifteen squares, solid nonpareil.

I don't think of nothin more to write about. So, "B'leeve me if all those endearing young charms," &c., &c.

A. WARD.

THE SHAKERS

THE Shakers is the strangest religious sex I ever met. I'd hearn tell of 'em and I'd seen 'em, with their broad brim'd hats and long wastid coats; but I'd never cum into immejit contack with 'em, and I'd sot 'em down as lackin intelleck, as I'd never seen 'em to my Show—leastways, if they cum they was disgised in white peple's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the Spring of 18—, I got swampt in the exterior of New York State, one dark and stormy night, when the winds Blue pityusly, and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers.

I was toilin threw the mud, when in the dim vister of the futer I obsarved the gleams of a taller candle. Tiein a hornet's nest to my off hoss's tail to kinder encourage him, I soon reached the place. I knockt at the door, which it was opened unto me by a tall, slick-faced, solum lookin individooal, who turn'd out to be a Elder.

"Mr Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another Shaker bein sent to put my hosses and waggin under kiver.

A solum female, lookin sumwhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal-bag,

cum in and axed me was I athurst and did I hunger, to which I urbanely anserd "a few." She went orf and I endeverd to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay," he sed.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understans his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitus?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continners there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's onpleasant when there's a mess underfoot."

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of weskit you wear, incloodin trimmins?"

"Yay."

I pawsd a minit, and then, thinkin I'd be faseshus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him that as a *yayer* he had no livin ekal.

He jumpt up as if Bilin water had bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin and sed: "You're a man of sin!" He then walkt out of the room.

Jest then the female in the meal-bag stuck her hed into the room and statid that refreshments awaited the weary traveler, and I sed if it was vittles she ment the weary traveler was agreeable, and I follered her into the next room.

I sot down to the table and the female in the meal-bag pored out sum tea. She sed nothin, and for five minutes the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a subdood and bashful manner in the corner. This dethly stillness made me oneasy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I, "Marrige is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?"

"Yay."

"The sexes liv strickly apart, I spect?"

"Yay."

"It's kinder singler," sez I, puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, "that so fair a made as thou never got hitched to some likely feller." [N.B.—She was upards of 40 and homely as a stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickil her.]

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short.

"Wall, I dunno," sez I, "they're a rayther important part of the populashun. I don't scacely see how we could git along without 'em."

"Us poor wimin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men!"

"You'll excoos me, marm, but I don't think that air would work. It wouldn't be regler."

"I'm fraid of men!" she sed.

"That's onnecessary, marm. *You* ain't in no danger. Don't fret yourself on that pint."

"Here we're shot out from the sinful world. Here all is peas. Here we air brothers and sisters. We don't marry and consekently we have no domestic difficulties. Husbans don't abooze their wives—wives don't worrit their husbans. There's no children here to worrit us. Nothin to worrit us here. No wicked matrimony here. Would thow like to be a Shaker?"

"No," sez I, "it ain't my stile."

I had now histed in as big a load of pervishuns as I could carry comfortable, and, leanin back in my cheer, commenst pickin my teeth with a fork. The female went out, leavin me all alone with the clock. I hadn't sot thar long before the Elder poked his hed in at the door. "You're a man of sin!" he sed, and groaned and went away.

Direckly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal-bags like the old one I'd met previsly, and their shiny silky har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I spose female Josts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charming enuff to make a man throw stuns at his granmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearin away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I, "My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Whar's the old man?" sed I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thow speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean the gay and festiv cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's hav sum fun. Let's play Puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they axed.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yit, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I'm a Shaker pro-temporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a leetle skeery. I tawt 'em Puss in the corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I, "My pretty dears, ear I go you hav no objections, hav you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," thay sed, and I *yay'd*.

I went up stairs to bed. I spose I'd bin snoozin half a hour when I was woke up by a noise at the door. I sot up in bed, leanin on my elbers and rubbin my eyes, and I saw the follerin picter: The Elder stood in the doorway, with a taller candle in his hand. He hadn't no wearin appeerel on except his night close, which fluttered in the breeze like a Seseshun flag. He sed, "You're a man of sin!" then groaned and went away.

I went to sleep agin, and drempt of runnin orf with the pretty little Shakeresses, mounted

on my Californy Bar. I thawt the Bar insisted on steerin strate for my dooryard in Baldinsville, and that Betsy Jane cum out and giv us a warm recepshun with a panful of Bilin water. I was woke up arly by the Elder. He sed refreshments was reddy for me down stairs. Then sayin I was a man of sin, he went groanin away.

As I was goin threw the entry to the room where the vittles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before, and what d'ye spose they was up to? Huggin and kissin like young lovers in their gushingist state. Sez I, "My Shaker friends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules, and git marrid!"

"You must excoos Brother Uriah," sed the female; "he's subjeck to fits, and hain't got no command over hisself when he's into 'em."

"Sartinly," sez I; "I've bin took that way myself frequent."

"You're a man of sin!" sed the Elder.

Arter breakfust my little Shaker frends cum in agin to clear away the dishes.

"My pretty dears," sez I, "shall we *yay* agin?"

"Nay," they sed, and I nay'd.

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin, as they was to hav sarvices that mornin, so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in clean weskits and meal-bags, ranged on the floor like milingtery companies, the mails on one side of the room and the females on tother. They commenst clappin their

hands and singin and dancin. They danced kinder slow at fust, but as they got warmed up they shaved it down very brisk, I tell you. Elder Uriah, in particler, exhiberted a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin his time of life, and as he cum a dubble shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approvin smile, and sed: "Hunky boy! Go it, my gay and festiv cuss!"

"You're a man of sin!" he sed, continnerin his shuffle.

The Sperret, as they called it, then moved a short fat Shaker to say a few remarks. He sed they was Shakers and all was ekal. They was the purest and seleckest peple on the yearth. Other peple was sinful as they could be, but Shakers was all right. Shakers was all goin kerslap to the Promist Land, and nobody wa'nt goin to stand at the gate to bar 'em out; if they did they'd git run over.

The Shakers then danced and sang agin, and arter thay was threw, one of 'em axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "What duz it siggerfy?"

"What?" sez he.

"Why this jumpin up and singin? This long-weskit bizniss, and this anty-matrimony idee? My frends, you air neat and tidy. Your lands is flowin with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass is honest. When a man buys a kag of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many shavins under a few layers of sass—a little Game I'm sorry to say sum of my

New Englan ancesters used to practiss. Your garding seeds is fine, and if I should sow 'em on the rock of Gibralter probly I should raise a good mess of garding sass. You air honest in your dealins. You air quiet and don't disturb nobody. For all this I giv you credit. But your religion is small pertaters, I must say. You mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselves nothing ever conflicks with your pecooler idees, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan she sumtimes do. [I giv Uriah a sly wink here, which made the old feller squirm like a speared Eel.] You wear long weskits and long faces, and lead a gloomy life indeed. No children's prattle is ever hearn around your hearthstuns—you air in a dreary fog all the time, and you treat the jolly sunshine of life as tho' it was a thief, drivin it from your doors by them weskits, and meal-bags, and pecooler noshuns of yourn. The gals among you, sum of which air as slick pieces of caliker as I ever sot eyes on, air syin to place their heds agin weskits which kiver honest, manly harts, while you old heds fool yerselves with the idee that they air fulfillin their mishun here, and air contented. Here you air, all pend up by yerselves, talkin about the sins of a world you don't know nothin of. Meanwhile said world continners to resolve round on her own axletree onct in every 24 hours, subjeck to the Constitution of the United States, and is a very plesant place of residence. It's a unnatral, onreasonable and dismal life you're leadin here.

So it strikes me. My Shaker frends, I now bid you a welcome adoo. You hav treated me exceedin well. Thank you kindly, one and all."

"A base exhibiter of depraved monkeys and onprincipled wax works!" sed Uriah.

"Hello, Uriah," sez I, "I'd most forgot you. Wall, look out for them fits of yourn, and don't catch cold and die in the flour of your youth and beauty."

And I resoomed my jerney.

AMONG THE SPIRITS

My naburs is mourn harf crazy on the new fangled idear about Sperrets. Sperretooul Sircles is held nitely & 4 or 5 long hared fellers has settled here and gone into the sperret bizniss excloosively. A atemt was made to git Mrs A. Ward to embark into the Sperret bizniss, but the atemt faled. 1 of the long hared fellers told her she was a ethereal creeter & wood make a sweet mejium, whareupon she attact him with a mop handle & drove him out of the house. I will hear obsarve that Mrs Ward is a invalerble woman—the partner of my goys & the shairer of my sorrers. In my absense she watchis my interests & things with a Eagle Eye, & when I return she welcums me in afectionate stile. Trooly it is with us as it was with Mr and Mrs Ingomer in the Play, to whit—

2 soles with but a single thawt
2 harts which beet as 1.

My naburs injooced me to attend a Sperretooul Sircle at Squire Smith's. When I arrove I found the east room chock full includin all the old maids in the village & the long hared fellers a4sed. When I went in I was salootid with "Hear cums the benited man"—"Hear cums the hory-heded unbeleever"—"Hear cums the skoffer at trooth," etsettery, etsettery.

Sez I, "My frens, it's troo I'm hear, & now bring on your Sperrets."

1 of the long hared fellers riz up and sed he would state a few remarks. He sed man was a critter of intelleck, & was movin on to a Gole. Sum men had bigger intellecks than other men had, and they wood git to the Gole the soonerest. Sum men was beests & wood never git into the Gole at all. He sed the Erth was material but man was immaterial, and hens man was different from the Erth. The Erth, continnered the speaker, resolves round on its own axeltree onct in 24 hours, but as man haint gut no axeltree he cant resolve. He sed the ethereal essunce of the koordinate branchis of super-human natur becum mettymorfussed as man progrest in harmonial coexistunce & eventooally antyhumanized theirselves & turned into reglar sperretuellers. [This was versifferusly applauded by the cumpany, and as I make it a pint to get along as pleasant as possible, I sung out "Bully for you, old boy!"]

The company then drew round the table and the Sircle kommenst to go it. Thay axed me if thare was anybody in the Sperret land which I wood like to converse with. I sed if Bill Tompkins, who was onct my partner in the show bizniss, was sober, I should like to converse with him a few periods.

"Is the Sperret of William Tompkins present?" sed 1 of the long hared chaps, and there was three knox on the table.

Sez I, "William, how goze it, Old Sweetness?"

"Pretty ruff, old hoss," he replide.

That was a pleasant way we had of addressin each other when he was in the flesh.

"Air you in the show bizniss, William?" sed I.

He sed he was. He sed he & John Bunyan was travelin with a side show in connection with Shakspere, Jonson & Co.'s Circus. He sed old Bun (meanin Mr Bunyan) stired up the animils & ground the organ while he tended door. Occashunally Mr Bunyan sung a comic song. The Circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakspeer had made a grate hit with old Bob Ridley,* and Ben Jonson was delitin the peple with his trooly grate ax of hossmanship without saddul or bridal. Thay was rehersin Dixey's Land & expected it would knock the peple.

Sez I, "William, my luvly frend, can you pay me that 13 dollars you owe me?" He sed No with one of the most tremenjis knox I ever experiunsed.

The Sircle sed he had gone. "Air you gone, William?" I axed. "Rayther," he replide, and I knowd it was no use to pursoo the subjeck further.

I then called fur my father.

"How's things, daddy?"

"Middlin, my son, middlin."

"Ain't you proud of your orfun boy?"

"Scacely."

"Why not, my parient?"

"Becawz you hav gone to writin for the noospapers, my son. Bimeby you'll lose all your

* "Old Bob Ridley" and "Dixie Land" were popular songs of the period.

character for trooth and verrasserty. When I helpt you into the show bizniss I told you to dignerfy that there profeshun. Litteratoor is low."

He also statid that he was doin middlin well in the peanut bizniss & liked it putty well, tho' the climit was rather warm.

When the Sircle stopt thay axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "My frends I've bin into the show bizniss now goin on 23 years. Theres a artikil in the Constitooshun of the United States which sez in effeck that everybody may think just as he darn pleazes, and them is my sentiments to a hare. You dowtlis beleeve this Sperret doctrin while I think it is a little mixt. Just so soon as a man becums a reglar out & out Sperret rapper he leeves orf workin, lets his hare grow all over his face & commensis spungin his livin out of other peple. He eats all the dickshunaries he can find & goze round chock full of big words, scarein the wimmin folks & little children and destroyin the piece of mind of evry family he enters. He don't do nobody no good & is a cuss to society & a pirit on honest peple's corn beef barrils. Admittin all you say abowt the doctrin to be troo, I must say the reglar perfessional Sperrit rappers—them as makes a bizniss on it—air abowt the most ornery set of cusses I ever enkountered in my life." So sayin I put on my surtoot and went home.

Respectably yures,
ARTEMUS WARD.

AMONG THE FREE LOVERS

Some years ago I pitched my tent and onfurled my banner to the breeze in Berlin Hites, Ohio. I had hearn that Berlin Hites was ockepied by a extensive seck called Free Lovers, who beleeved in affinertys and sich, goin back on their domestic ties without no hesitation whatsomever. They was likewise spirit rappers and high-presher reformers on gineral principles. If I can improve these 'ere misgided peple by showin them my onparalleld show at the usual low price of admitants, methunk, I shall not hav lived in vane! But bitterly did I cuss the day I ever sot foot in the retchid place. I sot up my tent in a field near the Love Cure, as they called it, and bimeby the free lovers begun for to congregate around the door. A ornreer set I have never sawn. The men's faces was all covered with hare, and they lookt half-starved to deth. They didn't wear no weskuts, for the purpuss (as they sed) of allowin the free air of hevun to blow onto their buzzums. Their pockets was filled with tracks and pamplits, and they was bare-footed. They sed the Postles didn't wear boots, & why should they? That was their stile of argyment. The wimin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers.

Presently a perfeckly orful lookin female presented herself at the door. Her gownd was skanderlusly short, and her trowsis was shameful to behold.

She eyed me over very sharp, and then startin back she sed, in a wild voice:

"Ah, can it be?"

"Which?" said I.

"Yes, 'tis troo, O 'tis troo!"

"15 cents, marm," I anserd.

She bust out a cryin & sed:

"And so I hav found you at larst—at larst, O at larst!"

"Yes," I anserd, "you have found me at larst, and you would have found me at fust, if you had cum sooner."

She grabd me vilently by the coat collar, and brandishin her umbreller wildly round, exclaimed:

"Air you a man?"

Sez I, "I think I air, but if you doubt it, you can address Mrs A. Ward, Baldinsville, Injianny, postage pade, & she will probly giv you the desired informashun."

"Then thou ist what the cold world calls marrid?"

"Madam, I istest!"

The exsentric female then clutched me franticly by the arm and hollerd:

"You air mine, O you air mine!"

"Scacely," I sed, endeverin to git loose from her. But she clung to me and sed:

"You air my Affinerty!"

"What upon arth is that?" I shouted.

"Dost thou not know?"

"No, I dostent!"

"Listin, man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female; "for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the world, sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He *has* cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O 'tis too mutch! too mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I anserd, "I think it is a darn site too mutch!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin her hands like a female play acter.

"Not a yearn!" I bellerd at the top of my voice, throwin her away from me.

The free lovers who was standin round obsarvin the scene commenst for to holler "shame!" "beast!" etsettery, etsettery.

I was very much riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent stake, I addrest them as follers: "You pussylanermus critters, go way from me and take this retchid woman with you. I'm a law-abidin man, and bleeve in good, old-fashioned institutions. I am marrid & my orfsprings resemble me, if I am a showman. I think your Affinity bizniss is cussed noncents, besides bein outrajusly wicked. Why don't you behave desunt like other folks? Go to work and earn a honist livin, and not stay round here in this lazy, shiftless way, pizenin the moral atmosphere with your pestifrous idees! You wimin folks, go back to your lawful husbands if you've got

any, and take orf them skanderlous gownds and trowsis, and dress respectful, like other wimin. You men folks, cut orf them pirattercal whiskers, burn up them infurnel pamplits, put sum weskuts on, go to work choppin wood, splittin fence rales, or tillin the sile." I pored 4th my indignashun in this way till I got out of breth, when I stopt. I shant go to Berlin Hites agin, not if I live to be as old as Methooseler.

A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG

It is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, as I very well remember, since I crossed the Planes for Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. While crossin the Planes all so bold, I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest (N.B.—This is rote Sarcasticul. Injins is Pizin, wharever found,) which thay Sed I was their Brother, & wantid for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay then stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my orgin-grinder, & scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he shood meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this ere. *Reven Noose Muttons,* as our skoolmaster, who has got Talent into him, cussycally obsarves.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U.S. sojers, hosstensibly sent out thare to smash the mormons, but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coats with brass buttings onto um, & ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fitin is consarned I'd willingly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in Salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Young,

the grate mogull among the mormins, and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the jentle breezis. He lookt at me in a austeer manner for a few minits, and sed:

"Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church, and the Latter-day Revelashuns?"

Sez I, "I'm on it!" I make it a pint to git along plesunt, tho I didn't know what under the Son the old feller was drivin at. He sed I mite show.

"You air a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, preparin to rite him sum free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I sertinly am marrid."

"How do you like it as far as you hev got?" sed I.

He sed "middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replide that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seck & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordingly tuk me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big, & in a exceedin large room was his wives & children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin enuff to take the roof orf the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was plane—sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my intentions, as I don't 'prove of putting verses in Proze rittins, tho ef occashun requires I can Jerk a Poim ekal to any of them *Atlantic Munthly* fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed Yung.

"Your sarvant, marms," sed I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-heded female brawt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward," sed Yung, "I hav eighty more in varis parts of this consecrated land which air Sealed to me."

"Which?" sez I, gittin up & starin at him.

"Sealed, Sir! sealed."

"Where bowts?" sez I.

"I sed, Sir, that they was sealed!" He spoke in a traggerdy voice.

"Will they probly continner on in that stile to any grate extent, Sir?" I axed.

"Sir," sed he, turnin as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may hev as meny wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I sed. "You are old pie, ain't you?"

"Them as is Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mind when I wants um—air at present my sperretooul wives," said Mister Yung.

"Long may thay wave!" sez I, seein I shood git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the follerin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, there is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats calls him Par, & he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensiv. Thay allers want suthin, & ef

he don't buy it for um thay set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't have a minit's peace. His wives fite amung theirselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit, & when too of 'em get into a row he has em turnd loose into that place, whare the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay abooz hisself individooally. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots, & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broom-sticks and sich. Occashunly they git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got eny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark closit, previsly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfsprings git onruly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin thay'd go to the banks of the Lake & steal all his close, thereby compellin him to sneek home by a sircootius rowt, drest in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv. "I find that the keers of a marrid life way hevy onto me," sed the Profit, "& sumtimes I wish I'd remaned singel." I left the Profit and startid for the tavern whare I put up to. On my way I was overtuk by a large krowd of Mormons, which they surroundid me, & statid that they were goin into the Show free.

"Wall," sez I, "ef I find a individooal who is goin round lettin folks into his show free, I'll let you know."

"We've had a Revelashun biddin us go into A. Ward's Show without payin nothin!" thay showtid.

"Yes," hollered a lot of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin me round very rapid, "we're all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!"

"What's Old Revelashun got to do with my Show?" sez I, gittin putty rily. "Tell Mister Revelashun," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery krowd with a prowd & defiant mean, "tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own bizniss, subject only to the Konstitushun of the Unitid States!"

"Oh now let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several femails, puttin thare arms rownd me in luvin stile. "Becum 1 of us. Becum a Preest & hav wives Sealed to you."

"Not a Seal!" sez I, startin back in horror at the idee.

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall, gawnt femaile, ore whoos hed 37 summirs must hev parsd, "stay, & I'll be your Jentle Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it, you won't," sez I. "Awa! you skanderlus femaile, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!" That's what I sed, jes so.

"& I," sed a fat, chunky femaile, who must hav wade more than too hundred lbs., "I will be your sweet gidin Star!"

Sez I, "Ile bet two dollers and a half you won't!" Whare ear I may Rome Ile still be troo 2 thee, Oh Betsy Jane! [N.B.—Betsy Jane is my wife's Sir naime.]

"Wiltist thou not tarry hear in the Promist Land?" sed several of the miserabil critters.

"Ile see you all essenshally cussed be4 I

wiltist!" roared I, as mad as I cood be at thare infernul noncents. I girdid up my Lions & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum & Germorrer, inhabitid by as theavin & onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS

I PITCHT my tent in a small town in Injianny one day last seeson, & while I was standin at the dore takin money, a deppytashun of ladies came up & sed they wos members of the Bunkumville Female Moral Reformin & Wimin's Rite's Associashun, and thay axed me if they cood go in without payin.

"Not exactly," sez I, "but you can pay without goin in."

"Dew you know who we air?" sed one of the wimin—a tall and feroshus lookin critter, with a blew kotton umbreller under her arm—"do you know who we air, Sir?"

"My impreshun is," sed I, "from a kersery view, that you air females."

"We air, Sir," said the feroshus woman—"we belong to a Society whitch beleeves wimin has rites—which beleeves in razin her to her proper speer—whitch beleeves she is indowed with as much intelleck as man is—whitch beleeves she is trampled on and aboozed—& who will resist henso4th & forever the incroachments of proud & domineering men."

Durin her discourse, the exsentric female grabed me by the coat-kollor & was swinging her umbreller wildly over my hed.

"I hope, marm," sez I, starting back, "that

your intensions is honorable? I'm a lone man hear in a strange place. Besides, I've a wife to hum."

"Yes," cried the female, "& she's a slave! Doth she never dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwin off the yoke of tyrrinny & thinkin & votin for herself?—Doth she never think of these here things?"

"Not bein a natral born fool," sed I, by this time a little riled, "I kin safely say that she dothunt."

"O whot—whot!" screamed the female, swingin her umbreller in the air—"O, whot is the price that woman pays for her expeeriunce?"

"I don't know," sez I; "the price to my show is 15 cents pur individooal."

"& can't our Sosiety go in free?" asked the female.

"Not if I know it," sed I.

"Crooil, crooil man!" she cried, & bust into teers.

"Won't you let my darter in?" sed anuther of the exsentric wimin, taken me afeckshunitely by the hand. "O, please let my darter in—she's a sweet gushin child of natur."

"Let her gush!" roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tarnal nonsense; "let her gush!" Whereupon they all sprung back with the simultanious observashum that I was a Beest.

"My female frends," sed I, "be4 you leeve, I've a few remarks to remark; wa them well. The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste. It's

onpossible to get along without her. Had there bin no female wimin in the world, I should scacely be here with my unparalleld show on this very occashun. She is good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. O, woman! woman!" I cried, my feelins worked up to a hi poetick pitch, "you air a angle when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper appairel & (mettyforically speaken) get into pantyloons—when you desert your firesides, & with your heds full of wimin's rites noshuns go round like roarin lyons, seekin whom you may devour someboddy—in short, when you undertake to play the man, you play the devil and air an emfatic noosance. My female friends," I continnered, as they were indignantly departin, "wa well what A. Ward has sed!"

AMONG THE FENIANS

To Home, *April* 1866.

The Finians conveened in our town the other night, and took steps toord freein Ireland. They met into the Town Hall, and by the kind invite of my naber, Mr Mulroony O'Shaughnessy, whose ancestors at least must have Irish blood in their veins, I went over.

You may not be awair, by the way, that I've been a invalid here to home for sev'ril weeks. And it's all owin to my own improodens. Not feelin like eating a full meal when the cars stopt for dinner, in the South, where I lately was, I went into a Resterater and et 20 hard biled eggs. I think they effected my Liver.

My wife says, Po, po. She says I've got a splendid liver for a man of my time of life. I've heard of men's livers gradooally wastin' away till they hadn't none. It's a dreadful thing when a man's liver gives him the shake.

Two years ago comin this May, I had a 'tack of fever-'n-ager, and by the advice of Miss Peasley (who continues single and is correspondinly unhappy in the same ratio) I consulted a Spiritooul mejum—a writin' mejum. I got a letter from a cel'brated Injin chief, who writ me, accordin to the mejum, that he'd been ded two hundred and seventeen (217) years, and

liked it. He then said, let the Pale face drink sum yarb tea. I drinkt it, and it really helpt me. I've writ to this talented savige this time thro' the same mejum, but as yet I hain't got any answer. Perhaps he's in a spear where they hain't got any postage stamps.

But thanks to careful nussin, I'm improvin rapid.

The Town Hall waz jam-full of people, mostly Irish citizens, and the enthusiasm was immense. They cheer'd everybody and everything. They cheer'd me.

"Hurroo for Ward! Hurroo!"

They was all good nabers of mine, and I answered in a pleasant voice, "All right, boys, all right. Mavoorneen, och hone, aroon, Cooshla macree!"

These Irish remarks bein' received with great applaus, I added, "Mushler! mushler!"

"Good! good!" cried Captain Spingler, who desires the Irish vote for county clerk; "that's fus' rate."

"You see what I'm drivin at, don't you, Cap?" I said.

"Certainly."

"Well," I ansered, "I'm very glad you do, becaus I don't."

This made the Finians larf, and they said, "Walk up onto the speaker's platform, sir."

The speeches was red hot agin England, and hir iron heel, and it was resolved to free Ireland at onct. But it was much desirable before freein her that a large quantity of funds should be

raised. And, like the gen'rous souls as they was, funs was lib'rally contribooted. Then arose a excitin discussion as to which head center they should send 'em to— O'Mahony or McRoberts. There was grate excitement over this, but it was finally resolved to send half to one and half to 'tother.

Then Mr Finnigan rose and said, "We have here to-night sum citizens of American birth, from whom we should be glad to hear. It would fill our harts with speechless joy to hear from a man whose name towers high in the zoological and wax-figger world—from whose pearly lips ——"

Says I, "Go slow, Finny, go slow."

"We wish to hear," continued Mr. Finnigan, moderatin his stile summut, "from our townsman, Mr Ward."

I beg'd to be declined, but it wan't no use. I rose amid a perfeck uproar of applaus.

I said we had convened there in a meetin, as I understood it, or rather in a body, as it were, in ref'rence to Ireland. If I knew my own hart, every one of us there, both grate and small, had an impulse flowin in his boosum, "and consequentially," I added, we "will stick to it similar and in accordance therewith, as long as a spark of manhood, or the peple at large. That's the kind of man I be!"

Squire Thaxter interrupted me. The Squire feels the wrongs of Ireland deeply, on account of havin onct courted the widder of a Irish gentleman who had lingered in a loathsum dunjin

in Dublin, placed there by a English tavern-keeper, who despotically wanted him to pay for a quantity of chops and beer he had consoom'd. Besides, the Squire wants to be re-elected Justice of the Peace. "Mr Ward," he said, "you've bin drinkin. You're under the infloo'nce of licker, sir!"

Says I, "Squire, not a drop of good licker has passed my lips in fifteen years."

[Cries of "Oh, here now, that won't do."]

"It is troo," I said. "Not a drop of good licker has passed my lips in all that time. I don't let it pass 'em. I reach for it while it's goin by!" says I. "Squire, harness me sum more!"

"I beg pardon," said the Squire, "for the remark; you are sober; but what on airth are you drivin at?"

"Yes!" I said, "that's just it. That's what I've bin axin myself durin the entire evenin. What is this grate meetin drivin at? What's all the grate Finian meetins drivin at all over the country?

"My Irish frens, you know me well enuff to know that I didn't come here to disturb this meetin. Nobody but a loafer will disturb any kind of a meetin. And if you'll notiss it, them as are up to this sort of thing, allers come to a bad end. There was a young man—I will not mention his name—who disturb'd my show in a certain town, two years ago, by makin remarks disrespectful of my animals, accompanied by a alloosian to the front part of my hed, which, as you see, it is Bald—sayin, says this young man,

'You sandpaper it too much, but you've got a beautiful head of hair in the back of your neck, old man.' This made a few ignent and low-mindid persons larf, but what was the fate of that young man? In less than a month his aunt died and left him a farm in Oxford county, Maine! The human mind can pictur no grater misfortin than this.

"No, my Irish frens, I am here as your naber and fren. I know *you* are honest in this Finian matter.

"But let us look at them Head Centers. Let us look at them rip roarin orators in New York, who've bin tearin round for up'ards a year, swearin Ireland shall be free.

"There's two parties—O'McMahoneys and McO'Roberts. One thinks the best way is to go over to Canady and establish a Irish Republic there, kindly permittin the Canadians to pay the expenses of that sweet Boon; and the other wants to sail direck for Dublin Bay, where young McRoy and his fair young bride went down and was drownded, accordin to a ballad I onct heard. But there's one pint on which both sides agree—that's the Funs. They're willin, them chaps in New York, to receive all the Funs you'll send 'em. You send a purse to-night to Mahony, and another purse to Roberts. Both will receive 'em. You bet. And with other purses it will be sim'lar.

"I went into Mr Delmonico's eatin-house the other night, and I saw my fren Mr Terence McFadden, who is a elekent and enterprisin deputy

Centre. He was sittin at a table, eatin a canvas-back duck. Poultry of that kind, as you know, is rather high just now. I think about five dollars per Poult. And a bottle of green seal stood before him.

" 'How are you, Mr McFadden?' I said.

" 'Oh, Mr Ward! I am miserable—miserable! The wrongs we Irishmen suffer! Oh, Ireland! Will a troo history of your sufferins ever be written? Must we be for ever ground under by the iron heel of despotic Briton? But, Mr Ward, won't you eat suthin?'

" 'Well,' " I said, " 'if there's another canvas-back and a spare bottle of that green seal in the house, I wouldn't mind jinin you in bein ground under by Briton's iron heel.'

" 'Green turtle soup, first?' he said.

" 'Well, yes. If I'm to share the wrongs of Ireland with you, I don't care if I do hav a bowl of soup. Put a bean into it,' I said to the waiter. 'It will remind me of my childhood days, when we had 'em baked in conjunction with pork every Sunday mornin, and then all went up to the village church, and had a refreshin nap in the fam'ly pew.'

"Mr. McFadden, who was sufferin so thurily for Ireland, was of the Mahony wing. I've no doubt that some ekally patriotic member of the Roberts wing was sufferin in the same way over to the Mason-Dory eatin-house.

"They say, feller citizens, soon you will see a Blow struck for Irish liberty! We hain't seen nothin *but* a Blow, so far—it's bin all blow, and

the blowers in New York won't git out of Belluses as long as our Irish frens in the rooral districks send 'em money.

"Let the Green float above the red, if that'll make it feel any better, but don't you be the Green. Don't never go into anything till you know whereabouts you're goin to.

"This is a very good country here where you are. You Irish hav enjoyed our boons, held your share in our offices, and you certainly hav done you share of our votin. Then why this hullabaloo about freein Ireland? You do your frens in Ireland a great injoory, too; because they b'lievc you're comin sure enuff, and they fly off the handle and git into jail. My Irish frens, ponder these things a little. 'Zamine 'em closely, and above all find out where the purses go to."

I sot down. There was no applaws, but they listened to me kindly. They know'd I was honest, however wrong I might be; and they know'd, too, that there was no peple on arth whose generosity and gallantry I had a higher respect for than the Irish, excep when they fly off the handle. So, my feller citizens let me toot my horn.

But Squire Thaxter put his hand onto my hed and said, in a mournful tone of vois, "Mr Ward, your mind is failin. Your intellect totters! You are only about sixty years of age, yet you will soon be a drivelin dotard, and hav no control over yourself."

"I have no control over my arms now," I replied, drivin my elbows suddenly into the Squire's stomack, which caused that corpulent

magistrate to fall vilently off the stage into the fiddlers' box, where he stuck his vener'ble hed into a base drum, and stated "Murder" twice, in a very loud vois.

It was late when I got home. The children and my wife was all abed. But a candle—a candle made from taller of our own raisin—gleamed in Betsy's room; it gleamed for I! All was still. The sweet silver moon was a shinin bright, and the beautiful stars was up to their usual doins! I felt a sentymental mood so gently ore me stealin, and I pawsed before Betsy's winder, and sung, in a kind of op'ratic vois, as follers, impromtoo, to wit:

Wake, Betsy, wake,
My sweet galoot!
Rise up, fair lady,
While I touch my lute!

The winder—I regret to say that the winder went up with a vi'lent crash, and a form robed in spotless white exclaimed, "Cum into the house, you old fool. To-morrer you'll be goin round complainin about your liver!"

I sot up a spell by the kitchen fire readin Lewis Napoleon's "Life of Julius Caesar." What a reckless old cuss he was! Yit Lewis picturs him in glowin cullers. Caesar made it lively for the boys in Gaul, didn't he? He slewd one million of citizens, male and female—Gauls and Gaulusses—and then he sold another million of 'em into slavery. He continnered this cheerful stile of thing for sum time, when one day he was 'sassinated in Rome by sum high-toned Ro-

man gen'lmen, led on by Mr Brutus. When old Bruty inserted his knife into him, Caesar admitted that he was gone up. His funeral was a great success, the house bein crowded to its utmost capacity. Ten minutes after the doors were opened, the Ushers had to put up cards on which was printed, "Standin Room Only."

I went to bed at last. "And so," I said, "thou hast no ear for sweet melody?"

A silvery snore was my only answer.

Betsy slept.

ARTEMUS WARD.

PICCOLOMINI

GENTS,—I arroved in Cleveland on Saturday P.M. from Baldinsville jest in time to fix myself up and put on a clean biled rag to attend Miss Picklehomony's grate musical sworry at the Melodeon. The krowds which pored into the hall augured well for the show bizniss, & with cheerful sperrets I jined the enthoosiastic throng. I asked Mr Strakhosh* at the door if he parst the perfession, and he said not much he didn't, whereupon I bawt a preserved seat in the pit, & obsarving to Mr Strakhosh that he needn't put on so many French airs becaws he run with a big show, and that he'd better let his weskut out a few inches or perhaps he'd bust hisself some fine day, I went in and squatted down. It was a sad thawt to think that in all that vast aujience scacely a Sole had the honor of my acquaintance. "& this ere," sed I Bitturly, "is Fame! What sigerfy my wax figgers and livin wild beasts (which have no ekels) to these peple? What do thay care becawz a site of my Kangeroo is worth dubble the price of admission, and that my Snakes is as harmlis as the new born babe—all of which is strictly troo?" I should have gone on ralein at Fortin and things sum more, but jest then Signer Maccarony cum out

* Maurice Strakosch, the impresario.

and sung a hairey from some opry or other. He had on his store close & looked putty slick, I must say. Nobody didn't understand nothin abowt what he sed, and so they applawdid him versiferusly. Then Signer Brignoly cum out and sang another hairey. He appeared to be in a Pensiv Mood & sung a Luv song I suppose, tho he may have been cussin the aujince all into a heep for aut I knewd. Then cum Mr Maccarony agin and Miss Picklehomony herself. Thay sang a Doit together.

Now you know, gents, that I don't admire opry music. But I like Miss Picklehomony's stile. I like her gate. She suits me. There has bin grater singers and there has bin more bootiful wimin, but no more fassinatin young female ever longed for a new gown or side to place her hed agin a vest pattern than Maria Picklehomony. Fassinatin peple is her best holt. She was born to make hash of men's buzzums & other wimin mad becaws thay ain't Picklehomonies. Her face sparkles with amuzin cussedness —about 200 (two hundred) little bits of funny devils air continually dancing champion jigs in her eyes, said eyes bein brite enuff to lite a pipe by. How I shood like to have little Maria out on my farm in Baldinsville, Injianny, whare she cood run in the tall grass, wrastle with the boys, cut up strong at parin bees, make up faces behind the minister's back, tie auction bills to the skoolmaster's coat-tales, set all the fellers crazy after her, & holler & kick up, & go it just as much as she wanted to! But I diegress.

Every time she cum canterin out I grew more and more delighted with her. When she bowed her hed I bowed mine. When she powtid her lips I powtid mine. When she larfed I larfed. When she jerked her hed back and took a larfin survey of the aujience, sendin a broadside of sassy smiles in among em, I tried to unjint myself & kollapse. When, in tellin how she drempt she lived in Marble Halls, she sed it tickled her more than all the rest to dream she loved her feller still the same, I made a effort to swaller myself; but when, in the next song, she look strate at me & called me her Dear, I wildly told the man next to me he mite hav my close, as I shood never want 'em again no more in this world. [The *Plain Dealer** containin this communicashun is not to be sent to my famerly in Baldinsville under no circumstances whatsomever.]

In conclushun, Maria, I want you to do well. I know you air a nice gal at hart & you must get a good husband. He must be a man of branes and gumpshun & a good provider—a man who will luv you strong and long—a man who will luv you jest as much in your old age, when your voice is cracked like an old tea kittle & you can't get 1 of your notes discounted at 50 per sent a month, as he will now, when you are young & charmin & full of music, sunshine & fun. Don't marry a snob, Maria. You ain't a Angel, Maria, & I am glad of it. When I see

* The Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* on which paper Ward held one or another minor position for a short time.

angels in pettycoats I'm always sorry they hain't got wings so they kin quietly fly off whare thay will be appreshiated. You air a woman, & a mity good one too. As for Maccarony, Brignoly, Mullenholler, and them other fellers, they can take care of theirselves. Old Mac. kin make a comfortable livin choppin cordwood if his voice ever givs out, and Amodio looks as tho he mite succeed in conductin sum quiet toll gate, whare the vittles would be plenty & the labor lite.

I am preparin for the Summer Campane. I shall stay in Cleveland a few days and probly you will hear from me again ear I leave to once more becum a tosser on life's tempestuous billers, meanin the Show Bizniss.

Very Respectively Yours,
ARTEMUS WARD.

LITTLE PATTI

The moosic which Ime most use to is the inspirin stranes of the hand orgin. I hire a artistic Italyun to grind fur me, payin him his vittles & close, & I spose it was them stranes which fust put a moosical taste into me. Like all furriners, he had seen better dase, havin formerly been a Kount. But he aint of much akount now, except to turn the orgin and drink Beer, of which bevrige he can hold a churnful, easy.

Miss Patty is small for her size, but as the man sed abowt his wife, O Lord! She is well bilt & her complexion is what might be called a Broonetty. Her ize is a dark bay, the lashes bein long & silky. When she smiles the awjince feels like axing her to doo it sum moor, & to continner doin it 2 a indefnit extent. Her waste is one of the most bootiful wastisis ever seen. When Mister Strackhorse led her out I thawt sum pretty skool gal, who had jest graduatid frum pantalets & wire hoops, was a cumin out to read her fust composishun in public. She cum so bashful like, with her hed bowd down, & made sich a effort to arrange her lips so thayd look pretty, that I wanted to swaller her. She reminded me of Susan Skinner, who'd never kiss the boys at parin bees till the candles was blow'd out. Miss Patty sung suthin or ruther in a fur-

rin tung. I don't know what the sentimunts was. Fur awt I know she may hav bin denouncin my wax figgers & sagashus wild beests of Pray, & I don't much keer ef she did. When she opened her mowth a army of martingales, bobolinks, kanarys, swallers, mockin birds, etsettery, bust 4th & flew all over the Haul.

Go it, little 1, sez I to myself, in a hily exsited frame of mind, & ef that kount or royal duke which you'll be pretty apt to marry 1 of these dase don't do the fair thing by ye, yu kin always hav a home on A. Ward's farm, near Baldinsville, Injianny. When she sung Cumin threw the Rye, and spoke of that Swayne she deerly luvd herself individooully, I didn't wish I was that air Swayne. No I gess not. Oh certainly not. [This is Ironical. I don't meen this. It's a way I hav of goakin.] Now that Maria Picklehominy has got married & left the perfeshun, Adeliny Patty is the championess of the opery ring. She karries the Belt. Thar's no draw fite about it. Other primy donnys may as well throw up the spunge first as last. My eyes don't deceive my earsite in this matter.

But Miss Patty orter sing in the Inglish tung. As she kin do so as well as she kin in Italyun, why under the Son don't she do it? What cents is thare in singin wurds nobody don't understan when wurds we do understan is jest as handy? Why peple will versifferusly applawd furrin langwidge is a mistery. It reminds me of a man I onct knew. He sed he knockt the bottum out of his pork Barril, & the pork fell out, but the

Brine dident move a inch. It stade in the Barril. He sed this was a Mistery, but it wasn't misterior than is this thing I'm speekin of.

As fur Brignoly, Ferri and Junky, they air dowtless grate, but I think sich able boddied men would look better tillin the sile than dressin theirselves up in black close & white kid gluvs & shoutin in a furrin tung. Mister Junky is a noble lookin old man, & orter lead armies on to Battel instid of shoutin in a furrin tung.

Adoo. In the langwidge of Lewis Napoleon when receivin kumpany at his pallis on the Bullyvards, "I saloot yu."

WAX FIGURES *v.* SHAKSPEARE

ONTO THE WING, ——1859.

MR EDITOR:

I take my Pen in hand to inform yu that I'm in good helth, and trust these few lines will find yu injoyin the same blessins. I wood also state that I'm now on the summir kampane. As the Poit sez—

> Ime erflote, ime erflote
> On the Swift rollin tied
> An the Rovir is free.

Bizniss is scacely middlin, but Sirs I manige to pay for my food and raiment puncktooally and without no grumblin. The barked arrers of slandur has bin leviled at the undersined moren onct sins heze bin into the show bizniss, but I make bold to say no man on this footstule kan troothfully say I ever ronged him or eny of his folks. I'm travelin with a tent, which is better nor hirin hauls. My show konsists of a serious of wax works, snakes, a paneramy kalled a Grand Movin Diarea of the War in the Crymear, komic songs and the Kangeroo, which larst little cuss continners to konduct hisself in the most outrajus stile. I started out with the idear of makin my show a grate Moral Entertainment, but I'm kompeled to sware so much at that air

infurnal Kangeroo that I'm frade this desine will be flustratid to some extent. And while speakin of morrality, remines me that sum folks turn up their nosis at shows like mine, sayin they is low and not fit to be patrernized by peple of high degree. Sirs, I manetane that this is infernul nonsense. I manetane that wax figgers is more elevatin than awl the plays ever wroten. Take Shakespeer for instunse. Peple think heze grate things, but I kontend heze quite the reverse to the kontrary. What sort of sense is thare to King Leer who goze round cussin his darters, chawin hay and throin straw at folks, and larfin like a silly old koot, and makin a ass of hisself ginerally? Thare's Mrs Mackbeth—sheze a nise kind of woman to have round, aint she, a puttin old Mack, her husband, up to slayin Dunkan with a cheeze knife, while heze payin a frendly visit to their house. O its hily morral, I spoze, when she larfs wildly and sez, "Gin me the daggurs—Ile let his bowels out," or words to that effeck—I say, this is awl strickly propper I spoze? That Jack Fawlstarf is likewise a immoral old cuss, take him how ye may, and Hamlick is as crazy as a loon. There's Richurd the Three—peple think heze grate things, but I look upon him in the lite of a montster. He kills everybody he takes a noshun to in kold blud, and then goze to sleep in his tent. Bimeby he wakes up and yells for a hoss so he kan go orf and kill sum more peple. If he isent a fit spesserman for the gallers then I shood like to know whare you fine um. Thare's Iargo who is more

ornery nor pizen. See how shamful he treated that hily respecterble injun gentlemun, Mister Otheller, makin him for to beleeve his wife was two thick with Casheo. Obsarve how Iargo got Casheo drunk as a biled owl on corn whisky in order to karry out his sneekin desines. See how he wurks Mister Otheller's feelins up so that he goze and makes poor Desdemony swaller a piller which cawses her deth. But I must stop. At sum futur time I shall continner my remarks on the dramer, in which I shall show the varst supeeriority of wax figgers and snakes over theater plays, in a interlectooal pint of view.

Very Respectfully Yures,

A. Ward, T. K.

EDWIN FORREST AS OTHELLO

DURIN a recent visit to New York the undersined went to see Edwin Forrest. As I'm into the moral show bizniss myself, I ginrally go to Barnum's moral Museum, where only moral peple air admitted, partickly on Wednesday arternoons. But this time I thot I'd go & see Ed. Ed has bin actin out on the stage for many years. There is varis 'pinions about his actin, Englishmen ginrally bleevin that he is far superior to Mister Macready; but on one pint all agree, & that is Ed draws like a six-ox team. Ed was actin at Niblo's Garding, which looks considerable more like a parster than a garding, but let that pars. I sot down in the pit, took out my spectacles & commenced peroosin the evenin's bill. The awjince was all-fired large, & the boxes was full of the elitty of New York. Sevral opery glasses was leveld at me by Gothum's fairest darters, but I didn't let on as tho I noticed it, tho mebby I did take out my sixteen-dollar silver watch & brandish it round more than was necessary. But the best of us has our weaknesses, & if a man has gewelry let him show it. As I was peroosin the bill a grave young man who sot near me axed me if I'd ever seen Forrest dance the Essence of Old Virginny? "He's immense in that," sed the young man. "He also does a fair champion

jig," the young man continnerd, "but his Big Thing is the Essence of Old Virginny." Sez I, "Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun?"

"No," sez he.

"Wall," sez I, "I'd appint your funeral tomorrow arternoon & *the korps should be ready!* You're too smart to live on this yearth." He didn't try any more of his capers on me. But another pussylanermuss individooul, in a red vest & patent lether boots, told me his name was Bill Astor & axed me to lend him 50 cents till early in the mornin. I told him I'd probly send it round to him before he retired to his virtoous couch, but if I didn't he might look for it next fall, as soon as I cut my corn. The Orchestry was now fiddling with all their might, & as the peple didn't understan anything about it they applaudid versifrussly. Presently Old Ed cum out. The play was Otheller or More of Veniss. Otheller was writ by Wm. Shakspeer. The scene is laid in Veniss. Otheller was a likely man & was a ginral in the Veniss army. He eloped with Desdemony, a darter of the Hon. Mister Brabantio, who represented one of the back districks in the Veneshun legislater. Old Brabanito was as mad as thunder at this & tore round considerable, but finally cooled down, tellin Otheller, howsever, that Desdemony had come it over her Par, & that he had better look out or she'd come it over him likewise. Mr & Mrs Otheller git along very comfortable like for a spell. She is

sweet-tempered and luvin—a nice, sensible female, never goin in for he-female conventions, green cotton umbrellers and pickled beats. Otheller is a good provider and thinks all the world of his wife. She has a lazy time of it, the hired girl doin all the cookin and washin. Desdemony, in fact, don't hav to git the water to wash her own hands with. But a low cuss named Iago, who I bleeve wants to git Otheller out of his snug government birth, now goes to work & upsets the Otheller family in the most outrajus stile. Iago falls in with a braneless youth named Roderigo & wins all his money at poker. (Iago allers played foul.) He thus got money enuff to carry out his onprincipled skeem. Mike Cassio, a Irish man, is selected as a tool by Iago. Mike was a clever feller & orficer in Otheller's army. He liked his tods too well, howsever, & they floored him, as they have many other promisin young men. Iago injuces Mike to drink with him, Iago slyly throwin his whisky over his shoulder. Mike gits as drunk as a biled owl, & allows that he can lick a yard full of the Veneshun fancy before breakfast, without sweatin a hair. He meets Roderigo and proceeds for to smash him. A feller named Montano undertakes to slap Cassio, when that infatooated person runs his sword into him. That miserable man, Iago, pretents to be very sorry to see Mike conduck hisself in this way, & undertakes to smooth the thing over to Otheller, who rushes in with a drawn sword & wants to know what's

up. Iago cunninly tells his story, & Otheller tells Mike that he thinks a good deal of him, but he can't train no more in his regiment. Desdemony sympathises with poor Mike & interceeds for him with Otheller. Iago makes him bleeve she does this because she thinks more of Mike than she does of hisself. Otheller swallers Iago's lyin tail & goes to makin a noosence of hisself ginrally. He worries poor Deddemony terrible by his vile insinuations & finally smothers her to deth with a piller. Mrs Iago cums in just as Otheller has finished the fowl deed and givs him fits right & left, showin him that he has bin orfully gulled by her miserble cuss of a husband. Iago cums in, & his wife commences rakin him down also, when he stabs her. Otheller jaws him a spell & then cuts a small hole in his stummick with his sword. Iago pints to Desdemony's deth bed & goes orf with a sardonic smile onto his countenance. Otheller tells the peple that he has dun the state sum service & they know it: axes them to do as fair a thing as they can for him under the circumstances, & kills hisself with a fish-knife, which is the most sensible thing he can do. This is a breef skedule of the synopsis of the play.

Edwin Forrest is a grate acter. I thot I saw Otheller before me all the time he was actin, & when the curtin fell, I found my spectacles was still mistened with salt water, which had run from my eyes while poor Desdemony was dyin. Betsy Jane—Betsy Jane! let us pray that our

domestic bliss may never be busted up by a Iago!

Edwin Forrest makes money actin out on the stage. He gits five hundred dollars a nite & his board & washin. I wish I had such a Forrest in my Garding!

EAST SIDE THEATRICALS

THE Broadway houses have given the public immense quantities of Central Park, Seven Sisters, Nancy Sykes, and J. Cade. I suppose the Broadway houses have done this chiefly because it has paid them, and so I mean no disrespect when I state that to me the thing became rather stale. I sighed for novelty. A man may stand stewed veal for several years, but banquets consisting exclusively of stewed veal would become uninteresting after a century or so. A man would want something else. The least particular man, it seems to me, would desire to have his veal "biled," by way of a change. So I, tired of the threadbare pieces at the Broadway houses, went to the the East Side for something fresh. I wanted to see some libertines and brigands. I wanted to see some cheerful persons identified with the blacksmith and sewing-machine interests triumph over those libertines and brigands in the most signal manner. I wanted, in short, to see the Downfall of Vice and Triumph of Virtue. That was what ailed me. And so I went to the East Side.

Poor Jack Scott is gone, and Jo. Kirby* dies

* A melodramatic actor celebrated for his manner of dying on the Bowery stage. It is said that persons sometimes slept up to this critical point in the performance, having arranged with some one to "wake me up when Kirby dies."

no more on the East Side. They've got the blood and things over there, but, alas! they're deficient in lungs. The tragedians in the Bowery and Chatham Street of to-day don't start the shingles on the roof as their predecessors, now cold and stiff in death, used to when they threw themselves upon their knees at the footlights and roared a red-hot curse after the lord who had carried Susan away, swearing to never more eat nor drink until the lord's vile heart was torn from his body and ther-rown to the dorgs—rattling their knives against the tin lamps and glaring upon the third tier most fearfully the while.

Glancing at the spot where it is said Senator Benjamin used to vend second-hand clothes, and regretting that he had not continued in that comparatively honourable vacation instead of sinking to his present position—wondering if Jo. Kirby would ever consent, if he were alive, to die wrapped up in a Secession flag!—gazing admiringly upon the unostentatious signboard which is suspended in front of the Hon. Izzy Lazarus's tavern—glancing, wondering, and gazing thus, I enter the old Chatham theatre. The pit is full, but people fight shy of the boxes.

The play is about a servant girl, who comes to the metropolis from the agricultural districts in short skirts, speckled hose, and a dashing little white hat, gaily decked with pretty pink ribbons —that being the style of dress invariably worn by servant girls from the interior. She is accompanied by a chaste young man in a short-

tailed red coat, who, being very desirous of protecting her from the temptations of a large city, naturaly leaves her in the street and goes off somewhere. Servant girl encounters an elderly female, who seems to be a very nice sort of person indeed, but the young man in a short-tailed coat comes in and thrusts the elderly female aside, calling her "a vile hag." This pleases the pit, which is ever true to virtue, and it accordingly cries "Hi! hi! hi!"

A robber appears. The idea of a robber in times like these is rather absurd. The most adroit robber would eke out a miserable subsistence if he attempted to follow his profession now-a-days. I should prefer to publish a daily paper in Chelsea. Nevertheless, here is a robber. He has been playing poker with his "dupe," but singularly enough the dupe has won all the money. This displeases the robber, and it occurs to him that he will kill the dupe. He accordingly sticks him. The dupe staggers, falls, says "Dearest Eliza!" and dies. Cries of "Hi! hi! hi!" in the pit, while a gentleman with a weed on his hat, in the boxes, states that the price of green smelts is five cents a quart. This announcement is not favourably received by the pit, several members of which come back at the weeded individual with some advice in regard to liquidating a long-standing account for beans and other refreshments at an adjacent restaurant.

The robber is seized with remorse, and says the money which he has taken from the dupe's

pockets "scorches" him. Robber seeks refuge in a miser's drawing-room, where he stays for "seven days." There is a long chest full of money and diamonds in the room. The chest is unlocked, but misers very frequently go off and leave long chests full of money unlocked in their drawing-rooms for seven days, and this robber was too much of a gentleman to take advantage of this particular miser's absence. By and by the miser returns, when the robber quietly kills him and chucks him in the chest. "Sleep with your gold, old man!" says the bold robber, as he melodramatically retreats—retreats to a cellar, where the servant girl resides. Finds that she was formerly his gal when he resided in the rural districts, and regrets having killed so many persons, for if so be he hadn't he might marry her and settle down, whereas, now he can't do it, as he says he is "unhappy." But he gives her a ring—a ring he had stolen from the dupe—and flies. Presently the dupe, who has come to life in a singular but eminently theatrical manner, is brought into the cellar. He discovers the ring upon the servant girl's finger—servant girl states that she is innocent, and the dupe, with the remark that he sees his mother, dies, this time positively without reserve. Servant girl is taken to Newgate, whither goes the robber and gains admission by informing the turnkey that he is her uncle. Throws off his disguise, and, like a robber bold and gay, says he is the guilty party and will save the servant girl. He drinks a vial of poison, says

he sees *his* mother, and dies to slow fiddling. Servant girl throws herself upon him wildly, and the virtuous young party in a short-tailed coat comes in and assists in the tableau. Robber tells the servant girl to take the party in the short-tailed coat and be happy, repeats that he sees his mother (they always do), and dies again. Cries of "Hi! hi! hi!" and the weeded gentleman reiterates the price of green smelts.

Not a remarkably heavy plot, but quite as bulky as the plots of the Broadway sensation pieces.

A MORMON ROMANCE—REGINALD GLOVERSON.

CHAPTER I.—THE MORMON'S DEPARTURE.

THE morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule-train dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha, in Nebraska, with a muletrain for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived. The high-spirited mules were at the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at heart, this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but —pshaw! I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad starlit prairie, your bright faces will come to

me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Mollie, with your checks so downy; and you, Betsy, with your wine-red lips—far more delicious, though, than any wine I ever tasted; and you, Maria, with your winsome voice; and you, Susan, with your—with your—that is to say, Susan, with your—and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, Dearestists?"

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, "we will!"

"And so farewell!" cried Reginald. "Come to my arms, my own!" he said; "that is, as many of you as can do it conveniently at once, for I must away."

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast, and drove sadly away.

But he had not gone far when the trace of the off-hind mule became unhitched. Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the trace; but ere he had fairly commenced the task, the mule, a singularly refractory animal, snorted wildly, and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty, and tottered feebly towards his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard, with the remark, "Dear mother, I've come home to die."

"So I see," she said; "where's the mules?"

Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, crying, "Oh, my son! only tell me where the mules are, and then you may die if you want to."

In vain—in vain! Reginald had passed on.

CHAPTER II.—FUNERAL TRAPPINGS.

THE mules were never found.

Reginald's heartbroken mother took the body home to her unfortunate son's widows. But before her arrival she indiscreetly sent a boy to bust the news gently to the afflicted wives, which he did by informing them, in a hoarse whisper, that their "old man had gone in."

The wives felt very badly indeed.

"He was devoted to me," sobbed Emily.

"And to me," said Maria.

"Yes," said Emily, "he thought considerably of you, but not so much as he did of me."

"I say he did!"

"And I say he didn't!

"He did!"

"He didn't!"

"Don't look at *me,* with your squint eyes!"

"Don't shake your red head at *me!*"

"Sisters!" said the black-haired Henrietta, "cease this unseemingly wrangling. I, as his first wife, shall strew flowers on his grave."

"No, you *won't,*" said Susan. "I, as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave. It's *my* business to strew!"

"You shan't, so there!" said Henrietta.

"You bet I will!" said Susan, with a tear-suffused cheek.

"Well, as for me," said the practical Betsy, "I ain't on the Strew, much, but I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession!"

"Not if I've been introduced to myself, you won't," said the golden-haired Nelly; "that's my position. You bet your bonnet-strings it is."

"Children," said Reginald's mother, "you must do some crying, you know, on the day of the funeral; and how many pocket-handkerchers will it take to go round? Betsy, you and Nelly ought to make one do between you."

"I'll tear her eyes out if she perpetrates a sob on my handkercher!" said Nelly.

"Dear daughters-in-law," said Reginald's mother, "how unseemly is this anger. Mules is five hundred dollars a span, and every identical mule my poor boy had has been gobbled up by the red man. I knew when my Reginald staggered into the door-yard that he was on the Die, but if I'd only thunk to ask him about them mules ere his gentle spirit took flight, it would have been four thousand dollars in our pockets, and no mistake! Excuse those real tears, but you've never felt a parent's feelins."

"It's an oversight," sobbed Maria. "Don't blame us!"

CHAPTER III.—DUST TO DUST.

THE funeral passed off in a very pleasant manner, nothing occurring to mar the harmony of the occasion. By a happy thought of Reginald's

mother the wives walked to the grave twenty a-breast, which rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.

. . . . . .

That night the twenty wives, with heavy hearts sought their twenty respective couches. But no Reginald occupied those twenty respective couches—Reginald would never more linger all night in blissful repose in those twenty respective couches — Reginald's head would never more press the twenty respective pillows of those twenty respective couches, never, never more!

. . . . . .

In another house, not many leagues from the House of Mourning, a gray-haired woman was weeping passionately. "He died," she cried, "he died without sigerfyin, in any respect, where them mules went to!"

CHAPTER IV.—MARRIED AGAIN

Two years are supposed to elapse between the third and fourth chapters of this original American romance.

A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a select assortment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon —although for that matter the sun has a right to set where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs Susan Gloverson.

"Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?" the Mormon asked.

"It is," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" inquired the Mormon.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," courteously returned the fair Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

"Madam," he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, "I have seen part of you before! And although I have already twenty-five wives, whom I respect and tenderly care for, I can truly say that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee! Be mine—be mine!" he enthusiastically cried, "and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so—

> 'Twenty-one souls with a single thought,
> Twenty-one hearts that beat as one!' "

They were united, they were!

Gentle reader, does not the moral of this romance show that—does it not, in fact, show that however many there may be of a young widow woman—or rather, does it not show that whatever number of persons one woman may consist of—well, never mind what it shows. Only this writing Mormon romances is confusing to the intellect. You try it and see.

A ROMANCE—ONLY A MECHANIC

In a sumptuously furnished parlour in Fifth Avenue, New York, sat a proud and haughty belle. Her name was Isabel Sawtelle. Her father was a millionaire, and his ships, richly laden, ploughed many a sea.

By the side of Isabel Sawtelle sat a young man, with a clear beautiful eye, and a massive brow.

"I must go," he said; "the foreman will wonder at my absence."

"The *foreman?*" asked Isabel, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, the foreman of the shop where I work."

"Foreman — shop — *work!* What! do *you* work?"

"Ay, Miss Sawtelle! I am a cooper!" and his eyes flashed with honest pride.

"What's that?" she asked; "it is something about barrels, isn't it?"

"It is!" he said, with a flashing nostril. "And hogsheads."

"Then go!" she said, in a tone of disdain—"go *away!*"

"Ha!" he cried, "you spurn me, then, because I am a mechanic. Well, be it so! though the time will come, Isabel Sawtelle," he added—and nothing could *exceed* his looks at this mo-

ment--"when you will bitterly remember the cooper you now so cruelly cast off! *Farewell!*"

Years rolled on. Isabel Sawtelle married a miserable aristocrat, who recently died of delirium tremens. Her father failed, and is now a raving maniac, and wants to bite little children. All her brothers (except one) were sent to the penitentiary for burglary, and her mother peddles clams that are stolen for her by little George, her only son that has his freedom. Isabel's sister, Bianca, rides an immoral spotted horse in the circus, *her* husband having long since been hanged for murdering his own uncle on his mother's side. Thus we see that it is always best to marry a mechanic.

MARION

A ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL

I.

——, *Friday*, ——, 1860.

On the sad sea shore! Always to hear the moaning of these dismal waves!

Listen. I will tell you my story—my story of love, of misery, of black despair.

I am a moral Frenchman.

She whom I adore, whom I adore still, is the wife of a fat marquis—a lop-eared, blear-eyed, greasy marquis. A man without soul. A man without sentiment, who cares naught for moonlight and music. A low, practical man, who pays his debts. I hate him.

II.

She, my soul's delight, my empress, my angel, is superbly beautiful.

I loved her at first sight—devotedly, madly.

She dashed past me in her *coupé*. I saw her but a moment—perhaps only an instant—but she took me captive then and there, forevermore.

Forevermore!

I followed her, after that, wherever she went.

At length she came to notice, to smile upon me. My motto was *en avant!* That is a French word. I got it out of the back part of Worcester's Dictionary.

III.

She wrote me that I might come and see her at her own house. Oh, joy, joy unutterable, to see her at her own house!

I went to see her after nightfall, in the soft moonlight.

She came down the gravelled walk to meet me, on this beautiful midsummer night—came to me in pure white, her golden hair in splendid disorder—strangely beautiful, yet in tears!

She told me her fresh grievances.

The marquis, always a despot, had latterly misused her most vilely.

That very morning, at breakfast, he had cursed the fishballs and sneered at the pickled onions.

She is a good cook. The neighbours will tell you so. And to be told by the base marquis—a man who, previous to his marriage, had lived at the cheap eating-houses—to be told by him that her manner of frying fishballs was a failure—it was too much.

Her tears fell fast. I, too, wept. I mixed my sobs with her'n. "Fly with me!" I cried.

Her lips met mine. I held her in my arms. I felt her breath upon my cheek! It was Hunkey.

"Fly with me. To New York! I will write

romances for the Sunday papers—real French romances, with morals to them. My style will be appreciated. Shop-girls and young mercantile persons will adore it, and I will amass wealth with my ready pen."

Ere she could reply—ere she could articulate her ecstasy, her husband, the marquis, crept snake-like upon me.

Shall I write it? He kicked me out of the garden—he kicked me into the street.

I did not return. How could I? I, so ethereal, so full of soul, of sentiment, of spearkling originality! He, so gross, so practical, so lop-eared!

Had I returned, the creature would have kicked me again.

So I left Paris for this place—this place, so lonely, so dismal.

Ah me!

Oh dear!

MOSES, THE SASSY; OR, THE DISGUISED DUKE

CHAPTER I.—ELIZY

My story opens in the classic presinks of Bostin. In the parler of a bloated aristocratic mansion on Bacon Street sits a luvly young lady, whose hair is cuverd ore with the frosts of between 17 Summers. She had just sot down to the piany, and is warblin the popler ballad called "Smells of the Notion," in which she tells how, with pensiv thought, she wandered by a C beat shore. The son is settin in its horizon, and its gorjus light pores in a golden meller flud through the winders, and makes the young lady twict as beautiful nor what she was before, which is onnecessary. She is magnificently dressed up in a Berage basque, with poplin trimmins, More Antique, Ball Morals and 3 ply carpeting. Also, considerable gauze. Her dress contains 16 flounders and her shoes is red morocker, with gold spangles onto them. Presently she jumps up with a wild snort, and pressin her hands to her brow, she exclaims, "Methinks I see a voice!"

A noble youth of 27 summers enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowsis, which last air turned up over his boots; his hat, which it is a plug, being cockt onto one side of his

classical hed. In sooth, he was a heroic lookin person, with a fine shape. Grease, in its barmiest days, near projuced a more hefty cavileer. Gazin upon him admirinly for a spell, Elizy (for that was her name) organised herself into a tabloo, and stated as follers:

"Ha! do me eyes deceive me earsight? Is it some dream? No, I reckon not! That frame! them store close! those nose! Yes, it is me own, me only Moses!"

He (Moses) folded her to his hart, with the remark that he was "a hunkey boy."

CHAPTER II.—WAS MOSES OF NOBLE BIRTH

Moses was foreman of Engine Co. No. 40. Forty's fellers had just bin havin an annual reunion with Fifty's fellers, on the day I introjuce Moses to my readers, and Moses had his arms full of trofees, to wit: 4 scalps, 5 eyes, 3 fingers, 7 ears (which he chawed off), and several half and quarter sections of noses. When the fair Elizy recovered from her delight at meetin Moses, she said—"How hast the battle gonest? Tell me!"

"We chawed 'em up—that's what we did!" said the bold Moses.

"I thank the gods!" sed the fair Elizy. "Thou didst excellent well. And, Moses," she continnered, layin her hed confidinly agin his weskit, "dost know I sumtimes think thou istest of noble birth?"

"No!" said he, wildly ketchin hold of hisself. "You don't say so."

"Indeed do I! Your dead grandfather's sperrit comest to me the tother night."

"Oh no, I guess it's a mistake," sed Moses.

"I'll bet two dollars and a quarter he did!" replied Elizy. "He said, 'Moses is a Disguised Juke!'"

"You mean Duke," said Moses.

"Dost not the actors all call it Juke!" said she.

That settled the matter.

"I hav thought of this thing afore," said Moses, abstractedly. "If it is so, then thus it must be! 2 B or not 2 B! Which? Sow, sow! But enuff. O life! life! *you're too many for me!*" He tore out some of his pretty yeller hair, stampt on the floor sevril times, and was gone.

CHAPTER III.—THE PIRUT FOILED

Sixteen long and weary years has elapst since the seens narrated in the last chapter took place. A noble ship, the *Sary Jane,* is a sailin from France to Ameriky via the Wabash Canal. A pirut ship is in hot pursoot of the *Sary.* The pirut capting isn't a man of much principle, and intends to kill all the people on bored the *Sary* and confiscate the wallerbles. The capting of the *S. J.* is on the pint of givin in, when a fine lookin feller in russet boots and a buffalo overcoat rushes forored and obsarves:

"Old man! go down stairs! Retire to the starbud bulkhed! I'll take charge of this Bote!"

"Owdashus cuss!" yelled the capting, "away with thee or I shall do mur-rer-der-r-r!"

"Skurcely," observed the stranger, and he drew a diamond-hilted fish-knife and cut orf the capting's hed. He expired shortly, his last words bein, "We are governed too much."

"People!" sed the stranger, "I'm the Juke d'Moses!"

"Old hoss!" sed a passenger, "methinks thou art blowin!" whareupon the Juke cut orf his hed also.

"Oh that I should live to see myself a ded body!" screamed the unfortnit man. "But don't print any verses about my deth in the newspapers, for if you do I'll haunt ye!"

"People!" said the Juke, "I alone can save you from yon bloody pirut! Ho! a peck of oats!" The oats was brought and the Juke, boldly mountin the jibpoop, throwed them onto the towpath. The pirut rapidly approached, chucklin with fiendish delight at the idee of increasin his ill-gotten gains. But the leadin hoss of the pirut ship stopt suddent on comin to the oats, and commenst for to devour them. In vain the piruts swore and throwd stones and bottles at the hoss—he wouldn't budge a inch. Meanwhile the *Sary Jane,* her hosses on the full jump, was fast leavin the pirut ship!

"Onct agin do I escape deth!" said the Juke between his clencht teeth, still on the jibpoop.

CHAPTER IV.—THE WANDERER'S RETURN

The Juke was Moses the Sassy! Yes, it was! He had bin to France, and now he was home agin in Bostin, which gave birth to a Bunker

Hill!! He had some trouble in gitting hisself acknowledge as Juke in France, as the Orleans Dienasty and Borebones were fernest him, but he finally conkered. Elizy knowd him right off, as one of his ears and a part of his nose had bin chawed off in his fights with opposition firemen durin boyhood's sunny hours. They lived to a green old age, beloved by all, both grate and small. Their children, of which they have numerous, often go up onto the Common and see the Fountain squirt.

This is my 1st attempt at writin a Tail, & it is far from bein perfeck; but if I have indoosed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make Life as barren as the Dessert of Sarah, or as joyyus as a flower garding, my objeck will have bin accomplished, and more too.

ONE OF MR WARD'S BUSINESS LETTERS

To the Editor of the ——

Sir: I'm movin along—slowly along—down tords your place. I want you should rite me a letter, sayin how is the show bizniss in your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal— t'would make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal) wax figgers of G. Washington Gen. Tayler John Bunyan Capt. Kidd and Dr Webster in the act of killin Dr Parkman,* besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c., ekalled by few & exceld by none. Now Mr Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin how is the show bizniss down to your place. I shall hav my hanbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my hanbills up in flamin stile. Also git up a tremenjus excitemunt in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaleld Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If it's a temprance community tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery ef your peple take their tods, say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller

* A *cause célèbre,* owing to the prominence of both persons in the academic circles of Boston and Cambridge.

as we ever met, full of conwiviality, & the life an Sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anythin abowt my show say my snaiks is as harmliss as the new born Babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animil like a snaik under perfeck subjecshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxyus to skewer your infloounce. I repeet in regard to them hanbills that I shall git 'em struck orf up to your printin office. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yourn exactly. I know thay do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.

Respectively yures,
A. WARD.

P.S.—You scratch my back & Ile scratch your back.

THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP

THARE was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squencht their thurst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forrerds; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same meetin house, and the nabers used to obsarve, "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a surblime site, in the Spring of the year, to see our sevral mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so thay couldn't sile 'em, affecshunitly Bilin sope together & aboozin the nabers.

Altho I hankered intensly arter the objeck of my affecshuns, I darsunt tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly Buzzum. I'd try to do it, but my tung would kerwollup up agin the roof of my mouth & stick thar, like deth to a deseast Afrikan or a country postmaster to his offiss, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like a old fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn door.

'Twas a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht and nary zeffer disturbed the sereen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her farther's pastur. We'd been rompin threw the woods, kullin flours & drivin the woodchuck from

his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my rite was woundid luvinly round her waste.

I cleared my throat and tremblinly sed, "Betsy, you're a Gazelle."

I thought that air was putty fine. I waitid to see what effeck it would hav upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed:

"You're a sheep!"

Sez I, "Betsy, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leeve a word you say—so there now, cum!" with which obsarvashun she hitched away from me.

"I wish thar was winders to my Sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here," sed I, strikin my buzzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans!"

She bowd her hed down and commenst chawin the strings to her sunbonnet.

"Ar could you know the sleeplis nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me, & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on this wastin form and these 'ere sunken cheeks——"

I should have continnered on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortnitly I lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur kersmash,

tearin my close and seveerly damagin myself ginerally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full hite she sed:

"I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN!"

I considered that air enuff for all practical purpusses, and we proceeded immejitly to the parson's & was made 1 that very nite.

. . . . . .

I've parst threw many tryin ordeels sins then, but Betsy Jane has bin troo as steel. By attendin strickly to bizniss I've amarsed a handsum Pittance. No man on this foot-stool can rise & git up & say I ever knowinly injered no man or wimmin folks, while all agree that my Show is ekalled by few and exceld by none, embracin as it does a wonderful colleckshun of livin wild Beests of Pray, snaix in grate profushun, a endliss variety of life-size wax figgers, & the only traned kangaroo in Amerika—the most amoozin little cuss ever introjuced to a discriminatin public.

JOY IN THE HOUSE OF WARD

Dear Sirs:

I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am in a state of grate bliss, and trust these lines will find you injoyin the same blessins. I'm reguvinated. I've found the immortal waters of yooth, so to speak, and am as limber and frisky as a two-year old steer, and in the futer them boys which sed to me "Go up, old Bawld hed," will do so at the peril of their hazard, individooally. I'm very happy. My house is full of joy, and I have to git up nights and larf! Sumtimes I ax myself "Is it not a dream?" & suthin withinto me sez "It air"; but when I look at them sweet little critters and hear 'em squawk, I know it is a reality—2 realitys, I may say—and I feel gay.

I returnd from the Summer Campane with my unparaleld show of wax works and livin wild Beests of Pray in the early part of this munth. The people of Baldinsville met me cordjully, and I immejitly commenst restin myself with my famerly. The other nite while I was down to the tavurn tostin my shins agin the bar-room fire & amuzin the krowd with sum of my adventurs, who shood cum in bare heded & terrible excited but Bill Stokes, who sez, sez he, "Old Ward, there's grate doins up to your house."

Sez I, "William, how so?"

Sez he, "Bust my gizzud, but its grate doins," & then he larfed as if hee'd kill hisself.

Sez I, risin and puttin on a austeer look, "William, I woodunt be a fool if I had common cents."

But he kept on larfin till he was black in the face, when he fell over on to the bunk where the hostler sleeps, and in a still small voice sed, "Twins!" I ashure you, gents, that the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way home, & I was follered by a enthoosiastic throng of my feller sitterzens, who hurrard for Old Ward at the top of their voises. I found the house chock full of peple. Thare was Mis Square Baxter and her three grown up darters, lawyer Perkinses wife, Taberthy Ripley, young Eben Parsuns, Deakun Simmuns folks, the Skoolmaster, Doctor Jordin, etsettery, etsettery. Mis Ward was in the west room, which jines the kitchin. Mis Square Baxter was mixin suthin in a dipper before the kitchin fire & a small army of female wimin were rushin wildly round the house with bottles of camfire, peaces of flannil, &c. I never seed sich a hubbub in my natral born dase. I cood not stay in the west room only a minit, so strung up was my feelins, so I rusht out and ceased my dubbel barrild gun.

"What upon airth ales the man?" sez Taberthy Ripley. "Sakes alive, what air you doin?" & she grabd me by the coat tales. "What's the matter with you?" she continnerd.

"Twins, marm," sez I, "twins!"

"I know it," sez she, coverin her pretty face with her apun.

"Wall," sez I, "that's what's the matter with me!"

"Wall, put down that air gun, you pesky old fool," sed she.

"No, marm," sez I, "this is a Nashunal day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldinsville by a darn site. On yonder woodshed," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and speakin in a show-actin voice, "will I fire a Nashunal saloot!" sayin whitch I tared myself from her grasp and rusht to the top of the shed, whare I blazed away until Square Baxter's hired man and my son Artemus Juneyer cum and took me down by mane force.

On returnin to the Kitchin I found quite a lot of people seated be4 the fire, a talkin the event over. They made room for me & I sot down. "Quite a eppisode," sed Doctor Jordin, litin his pipe with a red hot coal.

"Yes," sed I, "2 eppisodes, waying abowt 18 pounds jintly."

"A perfeck coop de tat," sed the skoolmaster.

"E pluribus unum, in proprietor persony," sed I, thinking I'd let him know I understood furrin langwidges as well as he did, if I wasn't a skoolmaster.

"It is indeed a momentious event," sed young Eben Parsuns, who has been 2 quarters to the Akademy.

"I never heard twins called by that name afore," sed I, "but I spose it's all rite."

"We shall soon have Wards enuff," sed the editer of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty,* who was lookin over a bundle of exchange papers in the corner, "to apply to the legislater for a City Charter?"

"Good for you, old man!" sed I; "giv that air a conspickius place in the next *Bugle.*"

"How redicklus!" sed pretty Susan Fletcher, coverin her face with her knittin work larfin like all possest.

"Wall, for my part," sed Jane Maria Peasley, who is the crossest old made in the world, "I think you all act like a pack of fools."

Sez I, "Mis Peasly, air you a parent?"

Sez she, "No, I aint."

Sez I, "Mis Peasly, you never will be."

She left.

We sot there talkin & larfin until "the switchin hour of nite, when grave yards yawn & Josts troop 4th," as old Bill Shakespire aptlee obsarves in his dramy of John Sheppard, esq., or the Moral Housebreaker, when we broke up & disbursed.

Muther & children is a doin well; & as Resolushuns is the order of the day, I will feel obleeged if you'll insurt the follerin:—

Whereas two Eppisodes has happined up to the undersined's house, which is Twins; & Whereas I like this stile, sade twins bein of the male perswashun & both boys; there4 Be it

Resolved, that to them nabers who did the fare thing by sade Eppisodes my hart felt thanks is doo.

Resolved, that I do most hartily thank Engine Ko. No. 17, who, under the impreshun from the fuss at my house on that auspishus nite that thare was a konflagration goin on, kum galyiantly to the spot, but kindly refraned from squirtin.

Resolved, that frum the Bottum of my Sole do I thank the Baldinsville brass band fur givin up the idea of Sarahnadin me, both on that grate nite & sinse.

Resolved, that my thanks is doo several members of the Baldinsville meetin house who fur 3 whole dase hain't kalled me a sinful skoffer or intreeted me to mend my wicked wase and jine sade meetin house to onct.

Resolved, that my Boozum teams with meny kind emoshuns towards the follerin individoouls, to whit namelee—Mis Square Baxter, who Jenerusly refoozed to take a sent for a bottle of camfire; lawyer Perkinses wife, who rit sum versis on the Eppisodes; the Editer of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty,* who nobly assisted me in wollupin my Kangeroo, which sagashus little cuss seriusly disturbed the Eppisodes by his outrajus screetchins & kickins up; Mis Hirum Doolittle, who kindly furnisht sum cold vittles at a tryin time, when it wasunt konvenient to cook vittles at my house; & the Peasleys Parsunses & Watsunses fur there meny ax of kindness.

Trooly yures,
ARTEMUS WARD.

CELEBRATION AT BALDINSVILLE IN HONOR OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE

Baldinsville, Injianny, Sep the onct, 18&59.—I was summund home from Cinsinnaty quite suddin by a lettur from the Supervizers of Baldinsville, sayin as how grate things was on the Tappis in that air town in refferunse to sellebratin the compleshun of the Sub-Mershine Tellergraph and axin me to be Pressunt. Lockin up my Kangeroo and wax wurks in a sekure stile, I took my departer for Baldinsville—"my own, my nativ lan," which I got into at early kandlelitin on the follerin night & just as the sellerbrashun and illumernashun ware commensin.

Baldinsville was trooly in a blaze of glory. Near can I forgit the surblime speckticul which met my gase as I alited from the Staige with my umbreller and verlise. The Tarvern was lit up with taller kandles all over, & a grate bonfire was burnin in frunt thareof. A Transpirancy was tied onto the sine post with the follerin wurds —"Give us Liberty or Deth." Old Tompkinsis grosery was illumernated with 5 tin lantuns and the follerin Transpirancy was in the winder—"The Sub-Mershine Tellergraph & the Baldinsville and Stonefield Plank Road—the 2 grate eventz of the 19th centerry—may intestine strife never mar their grandjure." Simpkinsis

shoe shop was all ablase with kandles and lantuns. A American Eagle was painted onto a flag in a winder—also these wurds, viz—"The Constitooshun must be Presarved." The Skool house was lited up in grate stile and the winders was filld with mottoes, amung which I notised the follerin—"Trooth smashed to erth shall rize agin—YOU CAN'T STOP HER." "The Boy stood on the Burnin Deck whense awl but him had Fled." "Prokrastinashun is the theaf of Time." "Be virtoous & you will be Happy." "Intemperunse has cawsed a heap of trubble—shun the Bole," an the follerin sentimunt written by the skool master, who graduated at Hudson Kollige: "Baldinsville sends greetin to Her Magisty the Queen, & hopes all hard feelins which has heretofore previs bin felt between the Supervizers of Baldinsville and the British Parlimunt, if such there has been, may now be forever wiped frum our Escutchuns. Baldinsville this night rejoises over the gerlorious event which sements 2 grate nashuns onto one anuther by means of a elecktric wire under the roarin billers of the Vasty Deep. QUOSQUE TANTRUM, A BUTTER, CATERLINY, PATENT NOSTRUM!" Squire Smith's house was lited up regardlis of expense. His little sun William Henry stood upon the roof firin orf crackers. The old 'Squire hisself was dressed up in soljer clothes and stood on his door-step, pintin his sword sollumly to a American flag which was suspendid on top of a pole in frunt of his house. Frequiently he wood take orf his cocked hat & wave it round in a impres-

sive stile. His oldest darter Mis Isabeller Smith, who has just cum home from the Perkinsville Female Instertoot, appeared at the frunt winder in the West room as the goddis of liberty, & sung "I see them on their windin way." Booteus 1, sed I to myself, you air a angil & nothin shorter. N. Boneparte Smith, the 'Squire's oldest sun, drest hisself up as Venus the God of Wars and red the Decleration of Independense from the left chamber winder. The 'Squire's wife didn't jine in the festiverties. She sed it was the tarnelest nonsense she ever seed. Sez she to the 'Squire, "Cum into the house and go to bed you old fool, you! Tomorrer you'll be goin round half-ded with the rumertism & won't gin us a minit's peace till you get well." Sez the 'Squire, "Betsy, you little appresiate the importance of the event which I this night commemerate." Sez she, "Commemerate a cat's tail!—cum into the house this instant, you pesky old critter." "Betsy," sez the 'Squire, wavin his sword, "retire!" This made her just as mad as she could stick. She retired, but cum out agin putty quick with a panful of Bilin hot water which she throwed all over the 'Squire, & Surs, you wood have split your sides larfin to see the old man jump up and holler & run into the house. Except this unpropishus circumstance all went as merry as a carriage bell, as Lord Byrun sez. Doctor Hutchinsis offiss was likewise lited up and a Transpirancy on which was painted the Queen in the act of drinkin sum of "Hutchinsis invigorater," was stuck into one of the winders.

The Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty* noospaper offiss was also illumernated, and the follerin mottoes stuck out—"The Press is the Arkermejian leaver which moves the world." "Vote Early." "Buckle on your Armer." "Now is the time to subscribe." "Franklin, Morse & Field." "Terms 1 dol. 50 cents a year—liberal reducshuns to clubs." In short the villige of Baldinsville was in a perfect fewroar. I never seed so many peple thar befour in my born days. Ile not attemp to describe the seens of that grate night. Wurds wood fale me ef I shood try to do it. I shall stop here a few periods and enjoy my "Oatem cum dig the tates," as our skool master obsarves, in the buzzum of my famerly, & shall then resume the show bizniss, which Ive bin into twenty-two (22) yeres and six (6) months.

ON THE WING

Gents of the Editoral Corpse:

Since I last rit you I've met with immense success a showin my show in varis places, particly at Detroit. I put up at Mr Russel's tavern, a very good tavern too, but I am sorry to inform you that the clerks tried to cum a Gouge Game on me. I brandished my new sixteen dollar huntin-cased watch round considerable, & as I was drest in my store clothes & had a lot of sweet-scented wagon-grease on my hair, I am free to confess that I thought I lookt putty gay. It never once struck me that I lookt green. But up steps a clerk & axes me hadn't I better put my watch in the Safe. "Sir," sez I, "that watch cost sixteen dollars! Yes, Sir, every dollar of it! You can't cum it over me, my boy! Not at all, Sir." I know'd what the clerk wanted. He wanted that watch himself. He wanted to make believe as tho he lockt it up in the safe, then he would set the house afire and pretend as tho the watch was destroyed with the other property! But he caught a Tomarter when he got hold of me. From Detroit I go West'ard hoe. On the cars was a he-lookin female, with a green-cotton umbreller in one hand and a handful of

Reform tracks in the other. She sed every woman should have a Spear. Them as didn't demand their Spears didn't know what was good for them. "What is my Spear?" she axed, addressin the peple in the cars. "Is it to stay at home & darn stockins, & be the ser-*lave* of a domineerin man? Or is it my Spear to vote & speak & show myself the ekal of man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear?" Sayin which the eccentric female whirled her umbreller round several times, & finally jabbed me in the weskit with it.

"I hav no objecshuns to your goin into the Spear bizniss," sez I, "but you'll please remember I ain't a pickeril. Don't Spear me agin, if you please." She sot down.

At Ann Arbor, bein seized with a sudden faintness, I called for a drop of suthin to drink. As I was stirrin the beverage up, a pale-faced man in gold spectacles laid his hand upon my shoulder, and sed, "Look not upon the wine when it is red!"

Sez I, "This ain't wine. This is Old Rye."

"*It stingeth like a Adder and biteth like a Sarpent!*" sed the man.

"I guess not," sed I, "when you put sugar into it. That's the way I allers take mine."

"Have you sons grown up, Sir?" the man axed.

"Wall," I replide, as I put myself outside my beverage, "my son Artemus junior is goin on 18."

"Ain't you afraid if you set this example b4 him he'll come to a bad end?"

"He's cum to a waxed end already. He's learnin the shoemakin biziness," I replide. "I guess we can both of us git along without your assistance, Sir," I obsarved, as he was about to open his mouth agin.

"This is a cold world!" sed the man.

"That's so. But you'll get into a warmer one by and by if you don't mind your own bizniss better." I was a little riled at the feller, because I never take anythin only when I'm onwell. I arterwards learned he was a temperance lecturer, and if he can injuce men to stop settin their inards on fire with the frightful licker which is retailed round the country, I shall hartily rejoice. Better give men Prusick Assid to onct than to pizen 'em to deth by degrees.

At Albion I met with overwhelmin success. The celebrated Albion Female Semenary is located here, & there air over 300 young ladies in the Institushun, pretty enough to eat without seasonin or sass. The young ladies was very kind to me, volunteerin to pin my hanbills onto the backs of their dresses. It was a surblime site to see over 300 young ladies goin round with a advertisement of A. Ward's onparaleld show, conspickusly posted onto their dresses.

They've got a Panick up this way and refooze to take Western money. It never was worth much, and when western men, who know what it is, refooze to take their own money, it is about time other folks stopt handlin it. Banks are bustin every day, goin up higher nor any bal-

loon of which we hav any record. These western bankers air a sweet & luvly set of men. I wish I owned as good a house as some of 'em would break into!

Virtoo is its own reward.

A. WARD.

THE SHOW BUSINESS AND POPULAR LECTURES

I FEEL that the Show Bizniss, which Ive stroven to ornyment, is bein usurpt by Poplar Lecturs, as thay air kalled, tho in my pinion thay air poplar humbugs. Individooals who git hard up embark in the lecturin bizniss. Thay cram theirselves with hi soundin frazis, frizzle up their hare, git trustid for a soot of black close, & cum out to lectur at 50 dollers a pop. Thay aint over stockt with branes, but thay hav brass enuff to make suffishunt kittles to bile all the sope that will be required by the ensooin sixteen ginerashuns. Peple flock to heer um in krowds. The men go becawz its poplar, & the wimin folks go to see what other wimin folks have on. When its over the lecturer goze & regales hisself with oysters and sich, while the peple say, "What a charmin lectur that air was," etsettery etsettery, when 9 out of 10 of um don't have no more idee of what the lecturer sed than my kangeroo has of the sevunth speer of hevun. Thare's more infurmashun to be got out of a well conductid noospaper—price 3 sents—than thare is out of ten poplar lectures at 25 or 50 dollers a pop, as the kase may be. These same peple,

bare in mind, stick up their nosis at moral wax figgers & sagashus beests. Thay say these things is low. Gents, it greeves my hart in my old age, when I'm in "the Sheer & yeller leef" (to cote frum my Irish frend Mister McBeth) to see that the Show bizniss is pritty much plade out; howsomever I shall chance it agane in the Spring.

THE PRESS

I WANT the editers to cum to my Show free as the flours of May, but I don't want um to ride a free hoss to deth. Thare is times when Patience seizes to be virtoous. I hev "in my mind's eye, Hurrashio" (cotashun from Hamlick) sum editers in a sertin town which shall be nameless, who air Both sneakin and ornery. They cum in krowds to my Show, and then axt me ten sents a line for Puffs. I objectid to payin, but they sed ef I didn't down with the dust thay'd wipe my Show from the face of the earth. Thay sed the Press was the Arkymedian Leaver which moved the wurld. I put up to their extorshuns until thay'd bled me so I was a meer shadder, and left in disgust.

It was in a surtin town in Virginny, the Muther of Presidents & things, that I was shaimfully aboozed by a editor in human form. He set my Show up steep, & kalled me the urbane & gentlemanly manajer, but when I, fur the purpuss of showin fair play all around, went to anuther offiss to git my hanbills printed, what duz this pussillanermus editer do but change his toon & abooze me like a Injun. He sed my wax wurks was a humbug, & called me a horey-heded itinerent vagabone. I thort at fust Ide pollish

him orf ar-lar Beneki Boy,* but on reflectin that he cood pollish me much wuss in his paper, I giv it up. & I wood here take occashun to advise peple when thay run agin, as thay sumtimes will, these miserble papers, to not pay no attenshun to um. Abuv all, don't assault a editer of this kind. It only gives him a notorosity, which is jest what he wants, & don't do you no more good than it wood to jump into enny other mud puddle. Editers are generally fine men, but there must be black sheep in every flock.

*The Benicia Boy, a nickname of the prize-fighter, John C. Heenan.

SOLILOQUY OF A LOW THIEF

My name is Jim Griggins. I'm a low thief. My parients was ignorant folks, and as poor as the shadder of a bean pole. My advantages for gettin' a eddycation was exceedin' limited. I growed up in the street, quite loose and permiskis, you see, and took to vice because I had nothing else to take to, and because nobody had never given me a sight at virtue.

I'm in the penitentiary. I was sent here onct before for priggin' a watch. I served out my time, and now I'm here agin, this time for stealin' a few insignificant clothes.

I shall always blame my parients for not eddycatin' me. Had I been liberally eddycated I could, with my brilliant native talents, have bin a big thief—I b'leeve they call 'em defaulters. Instead of confinin' myself to priggin' clothes, watches, spoons, and sich like, I could have plundered princely sums—thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars—and that old humbug, the Law, wouldn't have harmed a hair of my head! For, you see, I should be smart enough to get elected State Treasurer, or have something to do with Banks or Railroads, and perhaps a little of both. Then, you see, I could

ride in my carriage, live in a big house with a freestun frunt, drive a fast team, and drink as much gin and sugar as I wanted. A inwestigation might be made, and some of the noosepapers might come down on me heavy, but what the d—— would I care about that, havin' previously taken precious good care of the stolen money? Besides, my "party" would swear stout that I was as innersunt as the new-born babe, and a great many people would wink very pleasant, and say, "Well, Griggins understands what *he's* 'bout, HE does!"

But havin' no eddycation, I'm only a low thief —a stealer of watches and spoons and sich—a low wretch, anyhow—and the Law puts me through without mercy.

It's all right, I s'pose, and yet I sometimes think it's very hard to be shut up here, a wearin' checkered clothes, a livin' on cold vittles, a sleepin' on iron beds, a lookin' out upon the world through iron muskeeter bars, and poundin' stun like a galley slave, day after day, week after week, and year after year, while my brother thieves (for to speak candid, there's no difference between a thief and a defaulter, except that the latter is forty times wuss), who have stolen thousands of dollars to my one cent, are walkin' out there in the bright sunshine—dressed up to kill, new clothes upon their backs and piles of gold in their pockets! But the Law don't tech 'em. They are too big game for the Law to shoot at. It's as much as the Law can do to take care of us ignorant thieves.

Who said there was no difference 'tween tweedledum and tweedledee? He lied in his throat, like a villain as he was! I tell ye there's a tremendous difference.

Oh that I had been liberally eddycated!

JIM GRIGGINS.

SING SING, 1860.

ON "FORTS"

EVERY man has got a Fort. It's sum men's fort to do one thing, and sum other men's fort to do another, while there is numeris shiftliss critters goin round loose whose fort is not to do nothin.

Shakspeer rote good plase, but he wouldn't hav succeeded as a Washington correspondent of a New York daily paper. He lackt the rekesit fancy and imagginashun.

That's so!

Old George Washington's Fort was to not hev eny public man of the present day resemble him to eny alarmin extent. Whare bowts can George's ekal be fownd? I ask, & boldly anser no whares, or eny whare else.

Old man Townsin's* Fort was to maik Sassyperiller. "Goy to the world! anuther life saived!" (Cotashun from Townsin's advertisemunt.)

Cyrus Field's Fort is to lay a sub-machine tellegraf under the boundin billers of the Oshun, and then hev it Bust.

Spaldin's Fort is to maik Prepared Gloo, which mends everything. Wonder ef it will mend a sinner's wickid waze? (Impromptoo goak.)

Zoary's Fort is to be a femaile circus feller.

* Townsend's Sarsaparilla and Spalding's Glue were household standbys of half a century ago.

My Fort is the grate moral show bizniss & ritin choice famerly literatoor for the noospapers. That's what's the matter with *me*.

&c., &c., &c. So I mite go on to a indefnit extent.

Twict I've endeverd to do things which thay wasn't my Fort. The fust time was when I undertuk to lick a owdashus cuss who cut a hole in my tent & krawld threw. Sez I, "My jentle Sir, go out or I shall fall onto you putty hevy." Sez he, "Wade in, Old wax figgers," whareupon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the hed & knockt me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursood the attack & flung me into a mud puddle. As I aroze & rung out my drencht garmints, I koncluded fitin wasn't my Fort. Ile now rize the kurtin upon Seen 2nd: It is rarely seldum that I seek consolation in the Flowin Bole. But in a sertin town in Injianny in the Faul of 18—, my orgin grinder got sick with the fever & died. I never felt so ashamed in my life, & I thowt I'd hist in a few swallers of suthin strengthnin. Konsequents was a histid in so much I dident zackly know whare bowts I was. I turnd my livin wild beests of Pray loose into the streets and spilt all my wax wurks. I then Bet I cood play hoss. So I hitched myself to a Kanawl bote, there bein two other hosses hitcht on also, one behind and anuther ahead of me. The driver hollerd for us to git up, and we did. But the hosses bein onused to sich a arrangemunt begun to kick & squeal and rair up. Konsequents was I was kickt vilently in the stum-

muck & back, and presuntly I fownd myself in the Kanawl with the other hosses, kickin & yellin like a tribe of Cuss-caroorus savvijis. I was rescood, & as I was bein carrid to the tavern on a hemlock Bored I sed in a feeble voise, "Boys, playin hoss isn't my Fort."

Moral—Never don't do nothin which isn't your Fort, for ef you do you'll find yourself splashin round in the Kanawl, figgeratively speakin.

HIGH-HANDED OUTRAGE AT UTICA.

In the Faul of 1856, I showed my show in Utiky, a trooly grate sitty in the State of New York.

The people gave me a cordual recepshun. The press was loud in her prases.

1 day as I was givin a descripshun of my Beests and Snaiks in my usual flowry stile what was my skorn & disgust to see a big burly feller walk up to the cage containin my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscarrot by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced fur to pound him as hard as he cood.

"What under the son are you abowt?" cried I.

Sez he, "What did you bring this pussylanermus cuss here fur?" & he hit the wax figger another tremenjis blow on the hed.

Sez I, "You egrejus ass, that air 's a wax figger—a representashun of the false 'Postle."

Sez he, "That's all very well fur you to say; but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscarrot can't show hisself in Utiky with impunerty by a darn site!" with which observashun he kaved in Judassis hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the first famerlies in Utiky. I sood him, and the Joory brawt in a verdick of Arson in the 3d degree.

CRUISE OF THE *POLLY ANN.*

In overhaulin one of my old trunks the tother day, I found the follerin jernal of a vyge on the starnch canawl bote, *Polly Ann,* which happened to the subscriber when I was a young man (in the Brite Lexington of yooth, when thar aint no sich word as fale) on the Wabash Canawl:

Monday, 2 P. M.—Got under wa. Hosses not remarkable frisky at fust. Had to bild fires under 'em before they'd start. Started at larst very suddent, causin the bote for to lurch vilently and knockin me orf from my pins. (Sailor frase.) Sevral passenjers on bored. Parst threw deliteful country. Honist farmers was to work sowin korn, and other projuce in the fields. Surblime scenery. Large red-heded gal reclinin on the banks of the Canawl, bathin her feet.

Turned in at 15 minits parst eleving.

Toosdy.—Riz at 5 and went up on the poop deck. Took a grown person's dose of licker with a member of the Injianny legislater, which he urbanely insisted on allowin me to pay for. Bote tearin threu the briny waters at the rate of 2 Nots a hour, when the boy on the leadin hoss shoutid—

"Sale hoe!"

"Whar away?" hollered the capting, clearin

his glass (a empty black bottle, with the bottom knockt out) and bringing it to his Eagle eye.

"Bout four rods to the starbud," screamed the boy.

"Jes so," screeched the capting. "What wessel's that air?"

"*Kickin Warier* of Terry Hawt, and be darned to you!"

"I, I, Sir!" hollered our capting. "Reef your arft hoss, splice your main jib-boom, and hail your chambermaid! What's up in Terry Hawt?"

"You know Bill Spikes?" sed the capting of the *Warier*.

"Wall, I reckin. He can eat more fride pork nor any man of his heft on the Wabash. He's a ornament to his sex!"

"Wall," continued the capting of the *Kickin Warier*. . ."Wilyim got a little owly the tother day, and got to prancin around town on that old white mare of his'n, and bein in a playful mood, he rid up in front of the Court'us whar old Judge Perkins was a holdin Court, and let drive his rifle at him. The bullet didn't hit the Judge at all; it only jes whizzed parst his left ear, lodgin in the wall behind him; but what d'ye spose the old despot did? Why, he actooally fined Bill ten dollars for contempt of Court! What do you think of that?" axed the capting of the *Warier* as he parst a long black bottle over to our capting.

"The country is indeed in danger!" sed our capting, raisin the bottle to his lips. The wes-

sels parted. No other incidents that day. Retired to my chased couch at 5 minits parst 10.

Wensdy.—Riz arly. Wind blowin M.W.E. Hevy sea on, and ship rollin wildly in consekents of pepper-corns havin bin fastened to the forrerd hoss's tale. "Heave two!" roared the capting to the man at the rudder, as the *Polly* giv a friteful toss. I was sick, an sorry I'd cum. "Heave two!" repeated the capting. I went below. "Heave two!" I hearn him holler agin, and stickin my hed out of the cabin winder, *I hev.*

The hosses became dosile eventually, and I felt better. The sun bust out in all his splender, disregardless of expense, and lovely Natur put in her best licks. We parst the beautiful village of Limy, which lookt sweet indeed, with its neat white cottages, Institoots of learnin and other evijences of civilizashun, incloodin a party of bald heded cullered men who was playing 3 card monty on the stoop of the Red Eagle tavern. All, all was food for my 2 poetic sole. I went below to breakfast, but vittles had lost their charms. "Take sum of this," sed the Capting, shovin a bottle tords my plate. "It's whisky. A few quarts allers sets me right when my stummick gits out of order. It's a excellent tonic!" I declined the seductive flooid.

Thursdy.—Didn't rest well last night on account of a uprore made by the capting, who stopt the Bote to go ashore and smash in the windows of a grosery. He was brought back in about a hour, with his hed dun up in a red hankercher, his eyes being swelled up orful, and his nose very

much out of jint. He was bro't aboard on a shutter by his crue, and deposited on the cabin floor, the passenjers all risin up in their births, pushin the red curtains aside & lookin out to see what the matter was. "Why do you allow your pashuns to run away with you in this onseemly stile, my misgided frend?" sed a sollum lookin man in a red flannel nite-cap. "Why do you sink yourself to the Beasts of the field?"

"Wall, the fack is," sed the capting, risin hisself on the shutter, "I've bin a little prejoodiced agin that grosery for some time. But I made it lively for the boys, Deacon! Bet yer life!" He larfed a short, wild larf, and called for his jug. Sippin a few pints, he smiled gently upon the passenjers, sed "Bless you! bless you!" and fell into a sweet sleep.

Eventually we reached our jerny's end. This was in the days of Old Long Sign, be4 the iron hoss was foaled. This was be4 steembotes was goin round bustin their bilers & sendin peple higher nor a kite. Them was happy days, when peple was intelligent & wax figgers & livin wild beests wasn't scoffed at.

"O dase of me boyhood
I'm dreamin on ye now!"

(Poeckry.) A. W.

SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

It was customary in many of the inland towns of New England, some thirty years ago, to celebrate the anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis by a sham representation of that important event in the history of the Revolutionary War. A town meeting would be called, at which a company of men would be detailed as British, and a company as Americans—two leading citizens being selected to represent Washington and Cornwallis in the mimic surrender.

The pleasant little town of W——, in whose schools the writer has been repeatedly "corrected," upon whose ponds he has often skated; upon whose richest orchards he has, with other juvenile bandits, many times dashed in the silent midnight; the town of W——, where it was popularly believed these bandits would "come to a bad end," resolved to celebrate the surrender. Rival towns had celebrated, and W—— determined to eclipse them in the most signal manner. It is my privilege to tell how W—— succeeded in this determination.

The great day came. It was ushered in by the roar of musketry, the ringing of the village church bell, the squeaking of fifes, and the rattling of drums.

People poured into the village from all over

the county. Never had W—— experienced such a jam. Never had there been such an onslaught upon gingerbread carts. Never had New England rum (for this was before Neal Dow's day) flowed so freely. And W——'s fair daughters, who mounted the house-tops to see the surrender, had never looked fairer. The old folks came, too, and among them were several war-scarred heroes who had fought gallantly at Monmouth and Yorktown. These brave sons of '76 took no part in the demonstration, but an honoured bench was set apart for their exclusive use on the piazza of Sile Smith's store. When they were dry, all they had to do was to sing out to Sile's boy, Jerry, "A leetle New Englan' this way, if *you* please." It was brought forthwith.

At precisely nine o'clock, by the schoolmaster's new "Lepeen" watch, the American and British forces marched on to the village green and placed themselves in battle array, reminding the spectator of the time when

> "Brave Wolfe drew up his men
> In a style most pretty,
> On the Plains of Abraham,
> Before the city."

The character of Washington had been assigned to Squire Wood, a well-to-do and influential farmer, while that of Cornwallis had been given to the village lawyer, a kind-hearted but rather pompous person, whose name was Caleb Jones.

Squire Wood, the Washington of the occasion, had met with many unexpected difficulties in preparing his forces, and in his perplexity he had emptied not only his own canteen, but those of most of his aids. The consequence was—mortifying as it must be to all true Americans—blushing as I do to tell it, Washington at the commencement of the mimic struggle was most unqualifiedly drunk.

The sham fight commenced. Bang! bang! bang! from the Americans—bang! bang! bang! from the British. The bangs were kept hotly up until the powder gave out, and then came the order to charge. Hundreds of wooden bayonets flashed fiercely in the sunlight, each soldier taking very good care not to hit anybody.

"Thaz (hic) right," shouted Washington, who during the shooting had been racing his horse wildly up and down the line, "thaz right! *Gin* it to 'em! Cut their tarnal heads off!"

"On, Romans!" shrieked Cornwallis, who had once seen a theatrical performance and remembered the heroic appeals of the Thespian belligerents, "on to the fray! No sleep till mornin."

"Let eout all their bowels," yelled Washington, "and down with taxation on tea!"

The fighting now ceased, the opposing forces were properly arranged, and Cornwallis, dismounting, prepared to present his sword to Washington according to programme. As he walked slowly towards the Father of his Country, he rehearsed the little speech he had committed for the occasion, while the illustrious

being who was to hear it was making desperate efforts to keep in his saddle. Now he would wildly brandish his sword, and narrowly escape cutting off his horse's ears, and then he would fall suddenly forward on to the steed's neck, grasping the mane as drowning men seize hold of straws. He was giving an inimitable representation of Toodles on horseback. All idea of the magnitude of the occasion had left him, and when he saw Cornwallis approaching, with slow and stately step, and sword-hilt extended towards him, he inquired—

"What-'n devil *you* want, any (hic) how?"

"General Washington," said Cornwallis, in dignified and impressive tones, "I tender you my sword. I need not inform you, Sir, how deeply——"

The speech was here cut suddenly short by Washington, who, driving the spurs into his horse, playfully attempted to run over the commander of the British forces. He was not permitted to do this, for his aids, seeing his unfortunate condition, seized the horse by the bridle, straightened Washington up in his saddle, and requested Cornwallis to proceed with his remarks.

"General Washington," said Cornwallis, "the British Lion prostrates himself at the feet of the American Eagle!"

"*Eagle!* EAGLE!" yelled the infuriated Washington, rolling off his horse and hitting Cornwallis a frightful blow on the head with the flat of his sword, "do you call me a *Eagle,* you mean,

sneakin cuss?" He struck him again, sending him to the ground, and said, "I'll learn you to call me a Eagle, you infernal scoundrel!"

Cornwallis remained upon the ground only a moment. Smarting from the blows he had received, he arose with an entirely unlooked-for recuperation on the part of the fallen, and in direct defiance of historical example. In spite of the men of both nations, indeed, he whipped the Immortal Washington until he roared for mercy.

The Americans, at first mortified and indignant at the conduct of their chief, now began to sympathise with him, and resolved to whip their mock foes in earnest. They rushed fiercely upon them, but the British were really the stronger party, and drove the Americans back. Not content with this, they charged madly upon them, and drove them from the field—from the village, in fact. There were many heads damaged, eyes draped in mourning, noses fractured, and legs lamed. It was a wonder that no one was killed outright.

Washington was confined to his house for several weeks, but he recovered at last. For a time there was a coolness between himself and Cornwallis, but they finally concluded to join the whole county in laughing about the surrender.

They live now. Time, the "artist," has thoroughly white-washed their heads, but they are very jolly still. On town meeting days the old Squire always rides down to the village. In the hind part of his venerable yellow waggon is

always a bunch of hay, ostensibly for the old white horse, but really to hide a glass bottle from the vulgar gaze. This bottle has on one side a likeness of Lafayette, and upon the other may be seen the Goddess of Liberty. What the bottle contains inside I cannot positively say, but it is true that Squire Wood and Lawyer Jones visit that bottle very frequently on town meeting days, and come back looking quite red in the face. When this redness in the face becomes of the blazing kind, as it generally does by the time the polls close, a short dialogue like this may be heard:—

"We shall never play surrender again, Lawyer Jones!"

"Them days is over, Squire Wood!"

And then they laugh and jocosely punch each other in the ribs.

THE WIFE.

"Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry.
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep, or she will die.'"

The propriety of introducing a sad story like the following, in a book intended to be rather cheerful in its character, may be questioned; but it so beautifully illustrates the firmness of woman when grief and despair have taken possession of "the chambers of her heart," that we cannot refrain from relating it.

Lucy M—— loved with all the ardour of a fond and faithful wife, and when he upon whom she had so confidingly leaned was stolen from her by death, her friends and companions said Lucy would go mad. Ah, how little they knew her!

Gazing for the last time upon the clay-cold features of her departed husband, this young widow—beautiful even in her grief; so ethereal to look upon, and yet so firm!—looking for the last time upon the dear familiar face, now cold and still in death—oh, looking for the last, last time—she rapidly put on her bonnet, and thus addressed the sobbing gentlemen who were to act as pall-bearers: "You pall-bearers, just go into the buttery and get some rum, and we'll start this man right along!"

AFFAIRS ROUND THE VILLAGE GREEN.

It isn't everyone who has a village green to write about. I have one, although I have not seen much of it for some years past. I am back again, now. In the language of the duke who went round with a motto about him, "I am here!" and I fancy I am about as happy a peasant of the vale as ever garnished a melodrama, although I have not as yet danced on my village green, as the melodramatic peasant usually does on his. It was the case when Rosina Meadows left home.

The time rolls by serenely now—so serenely that I don't care what time it is, which is fortunate, because my watch is at present in the hands of those "men of New York who are called rioters." We met by chance, the usual way—certainly not by appointment—and I brought the interview to a close with all possible dispatch. Assuring them that I wasn't Mr. Greeley, particularly, and that he had never boarded in the private family where I enjoy the comforts of a home, I tendered them my watch, and begged they would distribute it judiciously among the labouring classes, as I had seen the rioters styled in certain public prints.

Why should I loiter feverishly in Broadway, stabbing the hissing hot air with the splendid gold-headed cane that was presented to me by

the citizens of Waukegan, Illinois, as a slight testimonial of their esteem? Why broil in my rooms? You said to me, Mrs. Gloverson, when I took possession of those rooms, that no matter how warm it might be, a breeze had a way of blowing into them, and that they were, withal, quite countryfied; but I am bound to say, Mrs. Gloverson, that there was nothing about them that ever reminded me, in the remotest degree, of daisies or new-mown hay. Thus, with sarcasm, do I smash the deceptive Gloverson.

Why stay in New York when I had a village green? I gave it up, the same as I would an intricate conundrum—and, in short, I am here.

Do I miss the glare and crash of the imperial thoroughfare? the milkman, the fiery, untamed omnibus horses, the soda fountains, Central Park, and those things? Yes, I do; and I can go on missing 'em for quite a spell, and enjoy it.

The village from which I write to you is small. It does not contain over forty houses, all told; but they are milk-white, with the greenest of blinds, and for the most part are shaded with beautiful elms and willows: To the right of us is a mountain—to the left a lake. The village nestles between. Of course it does. I never read a novel in my life in which the villages didn't nestle. Villages invariably nestle. It is a kind of way they have.

We are away from the cars. The iron horse, as my little sister aptly remarks in her composition On Nature, is never heard to shriek in our midst; and on the whole I am glad of it.

The villagers are kindly people. They are rather incoherent on the subject of the war, but not more so, perhaps, than are people elsewhere. One citizen, who used to sustain a good character, subscribed for the *Weekly New York Herald,* a few months since, and went to studying the military maps in that well-known journal for the fireside. I need not inform you that his intellect now totters, and he has mortgaged his farm. In a literary point of view we are rather bloodthirsty. A pamphlet edition of the life of a cheerful being, who slaughtered his wife and child, and then finished himself, is having an extensive sale just now.

We know little of Honoré de Balzac, and perhaps care less for Victor Hugo. M. Claés's grand search for the Absolute doesn't thrill us in the least; and Jean Valjean, gloomily picking his way through the sewers of Paris, with the spoony young man of the name of Marius upon his back, awakens no interest in our breasts. I say Jean Valjean picked his way gloomily, and I repeat it. No man, under those circumstances, could have skipped gaily. But this literary business, as the gentleman who married his colored chambermaid aptly observed, "is simply a matter of taste."

The store—I must not forget the store. It is an object of great interest to me. I usually encounter there, on sunny afternoons, an old Revolutionary soldier. You may possibly have read about "Another Revolutionary Soldier gone," but this is one who hasn't gone, and, moreover,

one who doesn't manifest the slightest intention of going. He distinctly remembers Washington, of course; they all do; but what I wish to call special attention to, is the fact that this Revolutionary soldier is one hundred years old, that his eyes are so good that he can read fine print without spectacles—he never used them, by the way—and his mind is perfectly clear. He is a little shaky in one of his legs, but otherwise he is as active as most men of forty-five, and his general health is excellent. He uses no tobacco, but for the last twenty years he has drunk one glass of liquor every day—no more, no less. He says he must have his tod. I had begun to have lurking suspicions about this Revoluntionary soldier business, but here is an original Jacobs.* But because a man can drink a glass of liquor a day, and live to be a hundred years old, my young readers must not infer that by drinking two glasses of liquor a day a man can live to be two hundred. "Which I meanter say, it doesn't foller," as Joseph Gargery might observe.

This store, in which may constantly be found calico, and nails, and fish, and tobacco in kegs, and snuff in bladders, is a venerable establishment. As long ago as 1814 it was an institution. The county troops, on their way to the defence of Portland, then menaced by British ships-of-war, were drawn up in front of this very store, and treated at the town's expense. Citizens will tell you how the clergyman refused to pray for

* A tradesman of the time advertised himself as "the original Jacobs," and the term passed into the vernacular.

the troops, because he considered the war an unholy one; and how a somewhat eccentric person, of dissolute habits, volunteered his services, stating that he once had an uncle who was a deacon, and he thought he could make a tolerable prayer, although it was rather out of his line; and how he prayed so long and absurdly that the Colonel ordered him under arrest, but that even while soldiers stood over him with gleaming bayonets, the reckless being sang a preposterous song about his grandmother's spotted calf, with its Ri-fol-lol-tiddery-i-do, after which he howled dismally.

And speaking of the store, reminds me of a little story. The author of "several successful comedies" has been among us, and the store was anxious to know who the stranger was. And therefore the store asked him.

"What do you follow, sir?" respectfully inquired the tradesman.

"I occasionally write for the stage, sir."

"Oh!" returned the tradesman, in a confused manner.

"He means," said an honest villager, with a desire to help the puzzled tradesman out, "he means that he writes the handbills for the stage-drivers!"

I believe that story is new, although perhaps it is not of an uproariously mirthful character; but one hears stories at the store that are old enough, goodness knows—stories which, no doubt, diverted Methuselah in the sunny days of his giddy and thoughtless boyhood.

There is an exciting scene at the store occasionally. Yesterday an athletic peasant, in a state of beer, smashed in a counter and emptied two tubs of butter on the floor. His father—a white-haired old man, who was a little boy when the Revolutionary war closed, but who doesn't remember Washington *much,* came round in the evening and settled for the damages. "My son," he said, "has considerable originality." I will mention that this same son once told me that he could lick me with one arm tied behind him, and I was so thoroughly satisfied he could, that I told him he needn't mind going for a rope.

Sometimes I go a-visiting to a farm-house, on which occasions the parlour is opened. The windows have been close-shut ever since the last visitor was there, and there is a dingy smell that I struggle as calmly as possible with, until I am led to the banquet of steaming hot biscuit and custard-pie. If they would only let me sit in the dear, old-fashioned kitchen, or on the door-stone—if they knew how dismally the new black furniture looked. But never mind, I am not a reformer. No, I should rather think not.

Gloomy enough, this living on a farm, you perhaps say; in which case you are wrong. I can't exactly say that I pant to be an agriculturist, but I do know that in the main it is an independent, calmly happy sort of life. I can see how the prosperous farmer can go joyously a-field with the rise of the sun, and how his heart may swell with pride over bounteous harvests

and sleek oxen. And it must be rather jolly for him on winter evenings to sit before the bright kitchen fire and watch his rosy boys and girls as they study out the charades in the weekly paper, and gradually find out why my first is something that grows in a garden, and my second is a fish.

On the green hillside over yonder, there is a quivering of snowy drapery, and bright hair is flashing in the morning sunlight. It is recess, and the Seminary girls are running in the tall grass.

A goodly seminary to look at outside, certainly, although I am pained to learn, as I do on unprejudiced authority, that Mrs. Higgins, the Principal, is a tyrant, who seeks to crush the girls and trample upon them; but my sorrow is somewhat assuaged by learning that Skimmerhorn, the pianist, is perfectly splendid.

Looking at these girls reminds me that I, too, was once young—and where are the friends of my youth? I have found one of 'em, certainly. I saw him ride in the circus the other day on a bareback horse, and even now his name stares at me from yonder board fence, in green, and blue, and red, and yellow letters. Dashington, the youth with whom I used to read the able orations of Cicero, and who, as a declaimer on exhibition-days, used to wipe the rest of us boys pretty handsomely out—well, Dashington is identified with the halibut and cod interest—drives a fish-cart, in fact, from a certain town on the coast back into the interior. Hubertson, the utterly stupid boy—the lunkhead, who never

had his lesson, he's about the ablest lawyer a sister State can boast. Mills is a newspaper man, now editing a Major-General down South.

Singlinson, the sweet-voiced boy, whose face was always washed and who was real good, and who was never rude—*he* is in the penitentiary for putting his uncle's autograph to a financial document. Hawkins, the clergyman's son, is an actor; and Williamson, the good little boy who divided his bread and butter with the beggar-man, is a failing merchant, and makes money by it. Tom Slink, who used to smoke short-sixes and get acquainted with the little circus boys, is popularly supposed to be the proprietor of a cheap gaming establishment in Boston, where the beautiful but uncertain prop is nightly tossed. Be sure the army is represented by many of the friends of my youth, the most of whom have given a good account of themselves. But Chalmerson hasn't done much. No, Chalmerson is rather of a failure. He plays on the guitar and sings love songs. Not that he is a bad man. A kinder-hearted creature never lived, and they say he hasn't yet got over crying for his curly-haired sister who died ever so long ago. But he knows nothing about business, politics, the world, and those things. He is dull at trade—indeed, it is a common remark that "everybody cheats Chalmerson." He came to the party the other evening, and brought his guitar. They wouldn't have him for a tenor in the opera, certainly, for he is shaky in his upper notes; but if his simple melodies didn't gush

straight from the heart, why were my trained eyes wet? And although some of the girls giggled, and some of the men seemed to pity him, I could not help fancying that poor Chalmerson was nearer heaven than any of us all!

ARTEMUS WARD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

New York, near Fifth Avenoo Hotel,
Org. 31*ct.*
Editor of PLAY BILL.

DR SIR,—Yrs, into which you ask me to send you sum leadin incidents in my life so you can write my Bogfry for the papers, cum dooly to hand. I hav no doubt that a article onto my life, grammattycally jerked and properly punktooated, would be a addition to the chois literatoor of the day.

To the yooth of Ameriky it would be vallyble as showin how high a pinnykle of fame a man can reach who commenst his career with a small canvas tent and a pea-green ox, which he rubbed it off while scratchin hisself agin the center pole, causin in Rahway, N. J., a discriminatin mob to say humbugs would not go down in their village. The ox resoom'd agricultooral pursoots shortly afterwards.

I next tried my hand at givin Blind-man concerts, appearin as the poor blind man myself. But the infamous cuss who I hired to lead me round towns in the day time to excite simpathy drank freely of spiritoous licker unbeknowns to me one day, & while under their inflooance he led me into the canal. I had to either tear the

green bandige from my eyes or be drownded. I tho't I'd restore my eyesight.

In writin about these things, Mr Editer, kinder smooth 'em over. Speak of 'em as eccentrissities of gen'us.

My next ventur would hav bin a success if I hadn't tried to do too much. I got up a series of wax figgers, and among others one of Socrates. I tho't a wax figger of old Sock. would be poplar with eddycated peple, but unfortinitly I put a Brown linen duster and a U.S. Army regulation cap on him, which peple with classycal eddycations said it was a farce. This enterprise was onfortnit in other respecks. At a certin town I advertised a wax figger of the Hon'ble Amos Perkins, who was a Railroad President, and a great person in them parts. But it appeared I had shown the same figger for a Pirut named Gibbs in that town the previs season, which created a intense toomult, & the audience remarked "shame onto me," & other statements of the same similarness. I tried to mollify 'em. I told 'em that any family possessin children might have my she tiger to play with half a day, & I wouldn't charge 'em a cent, but alars! it was of no avail. I was forced to leave, & I infer from a article in the *Advertiser* of that town, in which the Editer says, "Altho' time has silvered this man's hed with its frosts, he still brazenly wallows in infamy. Still are his snakes stuffed, and his wax works unreliable. We are glad that he has concluded to never revisit our town, altho', incredible as it may appear, the fellow really did

contemplate so doing last summer, when, still true to the craven instincts of his black heart, he wrote the hireling knaves of the obscure journal across the street to know what they would charge for 400 small bills, to be done on yellow paper! We shall recur to this matter again."

I say, I infer from this article that a prejudiss still exists agin me in that town.

I will not speak of my once bein in straitend circumstances in a sertin town, and of my endeaverin to accoomulate welth by lettin myself to Sabbath School picnics to sing ballads adapted to the understandins of little children, accompanyin myself on a claironett—which I forgot where I was one day, singin, instid of "Oh, how pleasant to be a little child,"

> "Rip slap—set 'em up again,
> Right in the middle of a three-cent pie."

which mistake, added to the fact that I couldn't play onto the claironett except making it howl dismal, broke up the picnic, and children said, in voices choked with sobs and emotions, where was their home and where was their Pa? and I said, Be quiet, dear children, I am your Pa, which made a young woman with two twins by her side say very angryly, "Good heavens forbid you should ever be the Pa of any of these innocent ones, unless it is much desirable for them to expire igminyusly up onto a murderer's gallus!"

I say I will not speak of this. Let it be Berrid into Oblivyun.

In your article, Mr Editer, please tell him what sort of a man I am.

If you see fit to kriticise my Show, speak your mind freely. I do not object to kriticism. Tell the public, in a candid and graceful article, that my Show abounds in moral and startlin cooriosities, any one of whom is wuth dubble the price of admission.

I hav thus far spoke of myself excloosively as a exhibiter.

I was born in the State of Maine of parents. As a infant I attracted a great deal of attention. The nabers would stand over my cradle for hours and say, "How bright that little face looks! How much it nose!" The young ladies would carry me round in their arms, sayin I was muzzer's bezzy darling and a sweety 'eety 'ittle ting. It was nice, tho' I wasn't old enuff to properly appreciate it. I'm a healthy old darlin now.

I have allers sustained a good moral character. I was never a Railroad director in my life.

Altho' in early life I did not invarably confine myself to truth in my small bills, I have been gradooally growin respectabler and respectabler ev'ry year. I luv my children, and never mistake another man's wife for my own. I'm not a member of any meetin house, but firmly believe in meetin houses, and shouldn't feel safe to take a dose of laudnum and lay down in the street of a village that hadn't any, with a thousand dollars in my vest pockets.

My temperament is billious, altho' I don't owe a dollar in the world.

I am a early riser, but my wife is a Presbyterian. I may add that I am also bald-heded. I keep two cows.

I liv in Baldinsville, Indiany. My next door naber is Old Steve Billins. I'll tell you a little story about Old Steve that will make you larf. He jined the Church last spring, and the minister said, "You must go home now, Brother Billins, and erect a family altar in your own house," whereupon the egrejis old ass went home and built a reg'lar pulpit in his settin room. He had the jiners in his house over four days.

I am 56 (56) years of age. Time, with its relentless scythe is ever busy. The Old Sexton* gathers them in, he gathers them in! I keep a pig this year.

I don't think of anything more, Mr Editer.

If you should giv my portrait in connection with my Bogfry, please have me ingraved in a languishin attitood, leanin on a marble pillar, leavin my back hair as it is now.

Trooly yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

*"The Old Sexton" was a lugubrious and sentimental song of the day. Its refrain was "I gather them in; I gather them in."

THE NOBLE RED MAN.

THE red man of the forest was form'ly a very respectful person, Justice to the noble aborygine warrants me in sayin that origernerly he was a majestic cuss.

At the time Chris. arrove on these shores (I allood to Chris. Columbus), the savajis was virtoous and happy. They were innocent of secession, rum, drawpoker, and sinfulness gin'rally. They didn't discuss the slavery question as a custom. They had no Congress, faro banks, delirium tremens, or Associated Press. Their habits was consequently good. Late suppers, dyspepsy, gas companies, thieves, ward politicians, pretty waiter-girls, and other metropolitan refinements, were unknown among them. No savage in good standing would take postage-stamps.* You couldn't have bo't a coon skin with a barrel of 'em. The female aborygine never died of consumption, because she didn't tie her waist up in whalebone things; but in loose and flowin garments she bounded, with naked feet, over hills and plains like the wild and frisky antelope. It was a onlucky moment for us when Chris. sot his foot onto these ere shores. It would have been better for us of the

* That is, take them as legal tender; a practice encouraged by the scarcity of small currency.

present day if the injins had given him a warm meal and sent him home ore the ragin billers. For the savages owned the country, and Columbus was a fillibuster. Cortez, Pizarro, and Walker were one-horse fillibusters—Columbus was a four-horse team filibuster, and a large yaller dog under the waggin. I say, in view of the mess we are makin of things, it would have been better for us if Columbus had staid to home. It would have been better for the show bisniss. The circulation of *Vanity Fair* would be larger, and the proprietors would all have boozum pins! Yes, sir, and perhaps a ten-pin alley.

By which I don't wish to be understood as intimatin that the scalpin wretches who are in the injin bisniss at the present day are of any account, or calculated to make home happy, specially the Sioxes of Minnesoty, who deserve to be murdered in the first degree, and if General Pope,* will only stay in St. Paul and not go near 'em himself, I reckon they will be.

* General John Pope, who had been unsuccessful against the Confederates and was transferred to a command against the Indians in the Northwest.

THE SERENADE.

THINGS in our town is workin. The canal boat *Lucy Ann* called in here the other day and reported all quiet on the Wabash. The *Lucy Ann* has adopted a new style of Binnakle light, in the shape of a red-headed girl, who sits up over the compass. It works well.

The artist I spoke about in my larst has returned to Philadelphy. Before he left I took his lily-white hand in mine. I suggested to him that if he could induce the citizens of Philadelphy to believe it would be a good idea to have white winder-shutters on their houses and white door-stones, he might make a fortin. "It's a novelty," I added, "and may startle 'em at fust, but they may conclood to adopt it."

As several of our public men are constantly being surprised with serenades, I concluded I'd be surprised in the same way, so I made arrangements accordin. I asked the Brass Band how much they'd take to take me entirely by surprise with a serenade. They said they'd overwhelm me with a unexpected honour for seven dollars, which I excepted.

I wrote out my impromptoo speech severil days beforehand, bein very careful to expunge all ingramatticisms and payin particler attention to the punktooation. It was, if I may say

it without egitism, a manly effort; but, alars! I never delivered it, as the sekel will show you. I paced up and down the kitchin speakin my piece over so as to be entirely perfeck. My bloomin young daughter, Sarah Ann, bothered me summut by singin, "Why do summer roses fade?"

"Because," said I, arter hearin her sing it about fourteen times, "because it's their biz! Let 'em fade."

"Betsy," said I, pausin in the middle of the room and letting my eagle eye wander from the manuscrip, "Betsy, on the night of this here serenade, I desire you to appear at the winder dressed in white, and wave a lily-white handkercher. D'ye hear?"

"If I appear," said that remarkable female, "I shall wave a lily-white bucket of bilin hot water, and somebody will be scalded. One bald-headed old fool will get *his* share."

She refer'd to her husband. No doubt about it in my mind. But for fear she might exasperate me I said nothin.

The expected night cum. At nine o'clock precisely there was sounds of footsteps in the yard, and the Band struck up a lively air, which when they did finish it, there was cries of "Ward! Ward!" I stept out onto the portico. A brief glance showed me that the assemblage was summut mixed. There was a great many ragged boys, and there was quite a number of grown-up persons evijently under the affluence of the intoxicatin bole. The Band was also drunk. Dr

Schwazey, who was holdin up a post, seemed to be partic'ly drunk—so much so that it had got into his spectacles, which were staggerin wildly over his nose. But I was in for it, and I commenced:

"Feller Citizens,—For this onexpected honor ——"

Leader of the Band.—Will you give us our money now, or wait till you git through?

To this painful and disgustin interruption I paid no attention.

"——for this onexpected honor, I thank you."

Leader of the Band.—But you said you'd give us seven dollars if we'd play two choons.

Again I didn't notice him, but resumed as follows:

"I say, I thank you warmly. When I look at this crowd of true Americans, my heart swells——"

Dr Schwazey.—So do I!

A voice.—We all do!

"——my heart swells——"

A voice.—Three cheers for the swells.

"We live," said I, "in troublous times, but I hope we shall again resume our former proud position, and go on in our glorious career!"

Dr Schwazey.—I'm willin for one to go on in a glorious career! Will you join me, fellow citizens, in a glorious career? What wages does a man git for a glorious career, when he finds himself?

"Dr Schwazey," said I, sternly, "you are drunk. You're disturbin the meetin."

Dr S.—Have you a banquet spread in the house? I should like a rhynossyross on the half shell, or a hippopotamus on toast, or a horse and wagon roasted whole. Anything that's handy. Don't put yourself out on my account.

At this pint the Band begun to make hidyous noises with their brass horns, and an exceedingly ragged boy wanted to know if there wasn't to be some wittles afore the concern broke up? I didn't exactly know what to do, and was just on the pint of doin it, when a upper winder suddenly opened and a stream of hot water was bro't to bear on the disorderly crowd, who took the hint and retired at once.

When I am taken by surprise with another serenade, I shall, among other arrangements, have a respectful company on hand. So no more from me to-day. When this you see, remember me.

AT THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE

Mr Punch,—My Dear Sir,—I've been lingerin by the Tomb of the lamentid Shakspeare.

It is a success.

I do not hes'tate to pronounce it as such.

You may make any use of this opinion that you see fit. If you think its publication will subswerve the cause of litteratoor, you may publicate it.

I told my wife Betsy when I left home that I should go to the birthplace of the orthur of *Otheller* and other Plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went.

"But," I said, "don't you know he was the greatest Poit that ever lived? Not one of these common poits, like that young idyit who writes verses to our daughter, about the Roses as growses, and the Breezes as blowses—but a Boss Poit—also a man who knew a great deal about everything."

She was packing my things at the time, and the only answer she made was to ask me if I was goin to carry both of my red flannel nightcaps.

Yes. I've been to Stratford onto the Avon, the Birthplace of Shakspeare. Mr S. is now no more. He's been dead over three hundred (300)

years. The peple of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his mem'ry, and them as sell picturs of his birthplace, &c., make it prof'tible cherishin it. Almost everybody buys a pictur to put into their Albiom.

As I stood gazing on the spot where Shakspeare is s'posed to have fell down on the ice and hurt hisself when a boy (this spot cannot be bought—the town authorities say it shall never be taken from Stratford), I wondered if three hundred years hence picturs of *my* birthplace will be in demand? Will the peple of my native town be proud of me in three hundred years? I guess they won't short of that time, because they say the fat man weighing 1000 pounds which I exhibited there was stuffed out with pillers and cushions, which he said one very hot day in July, "Oh bother, I can't stand this," and commenced pullin the pillers out from under his weskit, and heavin 'em at the audience. I never saw a man lose flesh so fast in my life. The audience said I was a pretty man to come chiselin my own townsmen in that way. I said, "Do not be angry, feller-citizens. I exhibited him simply as a work of art. I simply wished to show you that a man could grow fat without the aid of cod-liver oil." But they wouldn't listen to me. They are a low and grovelin set of peple, who excite a feelin of loathin in every brest where lorfty emotions and original idees have a bidin place.

I stopped at Leamington a few minutes on my way to Stratford onto the Avon, and a very

beautiful town it is. I went into a shoe shop to make a purchis, and as I entered I saw over the door those dear familiar words, "By Appintment: H.R.H.;" and I said to the man, "Squire, excuse me, but this is too much. I have seen in London four hundred boot and shoe shops by Appintment: H. R. H.; and now *you're* at it. It is simply onpossible that the Prince can wear 400 pairs of boots. Don't tell me," I said, in a voice choked with emotion—"Oh do not tell me, that you also make boots for him. Say slippers—say that you mend a boot now and then for him; but do not tell me that you make 'em reg'lar for him."

The man smilt, and said I didn't understand these things. He said I perhaps had not noticed in London that dealers in all sorts of articles was By Appintment. I said, "Oh, *hadn't* I?" Then a sudden thought flasht over me. "I have it!" I said. "When the Prince walks through a street, he no doubt looks at the shop windows."

The man said, "No doubt."

"And the enterprisin tradesman," I continnerd, "the moment the Prince gets out of sight, rushes frantically and has a tin sign painted, By Appintment: H.R.H.! It is a beautiful, a grate idee!"

I then bought a pair of shoe strings, and wringin the shopman's honest hand, I started for the Tomb of Shakspeare in a hired fly. It lookt, however, more like a spider.

"And this," I said, as I stood in the old churchyard at Stratford, beside a Tombstone, "this

marks the spot where lies William W. Shakspeare. Alars! and this is the spot where——"

"You've got the wrong grave," said a man—a worthy villager; "Shakspeare is buried inside the church."

"Oh," I said, "a boy told me this was it." The boy larfed and put the shillin Id givin him into his left eye in a inglorious manner, and commenced moving backwards towards the street.

I pursood and captered him, and after talking to him a spell in a skarcastic stile, I let him went.

The old church was damp and chill. It was rainin. The only persons there when I entered was a fine bluff old gentleman who was talking in a excited manner to a fashnibly-dressed young man.

"No, Ernest Montressor," the old gentleman said, "it is idle to pursoo this subjeck no further. You can never marry my daughter. You were seen last Monday in Piccadilly without a umbreller! I said then, as I say now, any young man as venturs out in a uncertain climit like this without a umbreller, lacks foresight, caution, strength of mind and stability; and he is not a proper person to intrust a daughter's happiness to."

I slapt the old gentleman on the shoulder, and I said:

"You're right! You're one of those kind of men, you are——"

He wheeled suddenly round, and in a indignant voice, said "Go way—go way! This is a privit intervoo."

I didn't stop to enrich the old gentleman's mind with my conversation. I sort of inferred that he wasn't inclined to listen to me, and so I went on. But he was right about the umbreller. I'm really delighted with this grand old country, *Mr Punch,* but you must admit that it does rain raythor numerously here. Whether this is owing to a monerkal form of gov'ment or not, I leave all candid and onprejudiced persons to say.

William Shakspeare was born in Stratford in 1564. All the commentaters, Shaksperian scholars, etsetry, are agreed on this, which is about the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his mantle hasn't fallen onto any poet or dramatist hard enough to hurt said poet or dramatist *much.* And there is no doubt if these commentaters and persons continner investigatin Shakspeare's career, we shall not, in doo time, know anything about it all.

When a mere lad little William attended the Grammar School, because, as he said, the Grammar School wouldn't attend him. This remarkable remark, comin from one so young and inexperunced, set peple to thinkin there might be somethin in this lad. He subsequently wrote *Hamlet* and *George Barnwell.* When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the offices of the Metropolitan Railway, little William was chosen by his fellow-pupils to deliver a fare-well address.

"Go on, sir," he said, "in a glorus career. Be

like a eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get the more we shall be gratified! That's so."

My young readers, who wish to know about Shakspeare, better get these vallyable remarks framed.

I returned to the hotel. Meetin a young married couple, they asked me if I could direct them to the hotel which Washington Irving used to keep.

"I've understood that he was onsuccessful as a lan'lord," said the lady.

"We've understood," said the young man, "that he busted up."

I told 'em I was a stranger, and hurried away. They were from my country, and ondoubtedly represented a thrifty Ile well somewhere in Pennsylvany. It's a common thing, by the way, for a old farmer in Pennsylvanny to wake up some mornin and find ile squirtin all around his backyard. He sells out for 'normous price, and his children put on gorgeous harness and start on a tower to astonish peple. They succeed in doin it. Meantime the Ile it squirts and squirts, and Time rolls on. Let it roll.

A very nice old town is Stratford, and a capital inn is the Red Horse. Every admirer of the great S. must go there once certinly; and to say one isn't a admirer of him, is equiv'lent to sayin one has jest about brains enough to become a efficient tinker.

Some kind person has sent me Chawcer's poems. Mr. C. had talent, but he couldn't spel. No man has a right to be a lit'rary man onless

he knows how to spel. It is a pity that Chawcer, who had geneyus, was so unedicated. He's the wuss speller I know of.

I guess I'm through, and so I lay down the pen, which is more mightier than the sword, but which, I'm fraid, would stand a raythor slim chance beside the needle-gun.—Adoo! adoo!

ARTEMUS WARD.

THE TOWER OF LONDON

Mr Punch,—My Dear Sir,—I skurcely need inform you that your excellent Tower is very pop'lar with peple from the agricultooral districks, and it was chiefly them class which I found waitin at the gates the other mornin.

I saw at once that the Tower was established on a firm basis. In the entire history of firm basisis I don't find a basis more firmer than this one.

"You have no Tower in America?" said a man in the crowd, who had somehow detected my denomination.

"Alars! no," I anserd; "we boste of our enterprise and improovements, and yit we are devoid of a Tower. America, oh my onhappy country! thou hast not got no Tower! It's a sweet Boon."

The gates was opened after awhile, and we all purchist tickets, and went into a waitin-room.

"My frens," said a pale-faced little man, in black close, "this is a sad day."

"Inasmuch as to how?" I said.

"I mean it is sad to think that so many peple have been killed within these gloomy walls. My frens, let us drop a tear!"

"No," I said, "you must excuse me. Others may drop one if they feel like it; but as for me, I decline. The early managers of this institoo-

tion were a bad lot, and their crimes were trooly orful; but I can't sob for those who died four or five hundred years ago. If they was my own relations I couldn't. It's absurd to shed sobs over things which occurd durin the rain of Henry the Three. Let us be cheerful," I continnerd. "Look at the festiv Warders, in their red flannil jackets. They are cheerful, and why should it not be thusly with us?"

A Warder now took us in charge, and showed us the Trater's Gate, the armers, and things. The Trater's Gate is wide enuff to admit about twenty traters abrest, I should jedge; but beyond this, I couldn't see that it was superior to gates in gen'ral.

Traters, I will here remark, are a onfortnit class of peple. If they wasn't, they wouldn't be traters. They conspire to bust up a country —they fail, and they're traters. They bust her, and they become statesmen and heroes.

Take the case of Gloster, afterwards Old Dick the Three, who may be seen at the Tower on horseback, in a heavy tin overcoat—take Mr Gloster's case. Mr G. was a conspirator of the basist dye, and if he'd failed, he would have been hung on a sour apple tree. But Mr G. succeeded, and became great. He was slewd by Col. Richmond, but he lives in histry, and his equestrian figger may be seen daily for a sixpence, in conjunction with other em'nent persons, and no extra charge for the Warder's able and bootiful lectur.

There's one king in this room who is mounted

onto a foamin steed, his right hand graspin a barber's pole. I didn't learn his name.

The room where the daggers and pistils and other weppins is kept is interestin. Among this collection of choice cuttlery I notist the bow and arrer which those hot-heded old chaps used to conduct battles with. It is quite like the bow and arrer used at this day by certain tribes of American Injuns, and they shoot 'em off with such a excellent precision that I almost sigh'd to be a Injun when I was in the Rocky Mountin regin. They are a pleasant lot them Injuns. Mr Cooper and Dr Catlin have told us of the red man's wonderful eloquence, and I found it so. Our party was stopt on the plains of Utah by a band of Shoshones, whose chief said:

"Brothers! the pale-face is welcome. Brothers! the sun is sinkin in the West, and Wa-na-bucky-she will soon cease speakin. Brothers! the poor red man belongs to a race which is fast becomin extink."

He then whooped in a shrill manner, stole all our blankets and whisky, and fled to the primeval forest to conceal his emotions.

I will remark here, while on the subjeck of Injuns, that they are in the main a very shaky set, with even less sense than the Fenians, and when I hear philantropists bewailin the fack that every year "carries the noble red man nearer the settin sun," I simply have to say I'm glad of it, tho' it is rough on the settin sun. They call you by the sweet name of Brother one minit, and the next they scalp you with their Thomas-

hawks. But I wander. Let us return to the Tower.

At one end of the room where the weppins is kept, is a wax figger of Queen Elizabeth, mounted on a fiery stuffed hoss, whose glass eye flashes with pride, and whose red morocker nostril dilates hawtily, as if conscious of the royal burden he bears. I have associated Elizabeth with the Spanish Armady. She's mixed up with it at the Surry Theatre, where *Troo to the Core* is bein acted, and in which a full bally core is introjooced on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, givin the audiens the idee that he intends openin a moosic-hall in Plymouth the moment he conkers that town. But a very interesting drammer is *Troo to the Core,* notwithstandin the eccentric conduck of the Spanish Admiral; and very nice it is in Queen Elizabeth to make Martin Truegold a baronet.

The Warder shows us some instrooments of tortur, such as thumbscrews, throat-collars, &c., statin that these was conkered from the Spanish Armady, and addin what a crooil peple the Spaniads was in them days—which elissited from a bright-eyed little girl of about twelve summers the remark that she tho't it *was* rich to talk about the crooilty of the Spaniards usin thumbscrews, when we was in a Tower where so many poor peple's heads had been cut off. This made the Warder stammer and turn red.

I was so pleased with the little girl's brightness that I could have kissed the dear child, and I would if she'd been six years older.

I think my companions intended makin a day of it, for they all had sandwiches, sassiges, etc. The sad-lookin man, who had wanted us to drop a tear afore we started to go round, fling'd such quantities of sassige into his mouth that I expected to see him choke hisself to death; he said to me, in the Beauchamp Tower, where the poor prisoners writ their onhappy names on the cold walls, "This is a sad sight."

"It is, indeed," I anserd. "You're black in the face. You shouldn't eat sassige in public without some rehearsals beforehand. You manage it orkwardly."

"No," he said, "I mean this sad room."

Indeed, he was quite right. Tho' so long ago all these dreffful things happened, I was very glad to git away from this gloomy room, and go where the rich and sparklin Crown Jewils is kept. I was so pleased with the Queen's Crown, that it occurd to me what a agree'ble surprise it would be to send a sim'lar one home to my wife; and I asked the Warder what was the vally of a good, well-constructed Crown like that. He told me, but on cypherin up with a pencil the amount of funs I have in the Jint Stock Bank, I conclooded I'd send her a genteel silver watch instid.

And so I left the Tower. It is a solid and commandin edifis, but I deny that it is cheerful. I bid it adoo without a pang.

I was droven to my hotel by the most melancholly driver of a four-wheeler that I ever saw.

He heaved a deep sigh as I gave him two shillings.

"I'll give you six *d.*'s more," I said, "if it hurts you so."

"It isn't that," he said, with a hart-rendin groan, "it's only a way I have. My mind's upset to-day. I at one time tho't I'd drive you into the Thames. I've been readin all the daily papers to try and understand about Governor Ayre,* and my mind is totterin. It's really wonderful I didn't drive you into the Thames."

I asked the onhappy man what his number was, so I could redily find him in case I should want him agin, and I bad him good-bye. And then I tho't what a frollicsome day I'd made of it.

Respectably, &c.,
ARTEMUS WARD.

* Mr. Eyre was governor of Jamaica, and was at this time under criticism in England for the severity of his measures against a native uprising.

A VISIT TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Mr Punch,—My Dear Sir,—You didn't get a instructiv article from my pen last week on account of my nervus sistim havin underwent a dreffle shock. I got caught in a brief shine of sun, and it utterly upsot me. I was walkin in Regent Street one day last week, enjoyin your rich black fog and bracing rains, when all at once the Sun bust out and actooally shone for nearly half an hour steady. I acted promptly. I called a cab and told the driver to run his hoss at a friteful rate of speed to my lodgins, but it wasn't of no avale. I had orful cramps, my appytite left me and my pults went down to 10 degrees below zero. But by careful nussin I shall no doubt recover speedy, if the present sparklin and exileratin weather continners.

[All of the foregoin is sarcasum.]

It's a sing'lar fack, but I never sot eyes on your excellent British Mooseum till the other day. I've sent a great many peple there, as also to your genial Tower of London, however. It happened thusly: When one of my excellent countrymen, jest arrived in London, would come and see me, and display a inclination to cling to me too lengthy, thus showin a respect for me which I feel I do not deserve, I would suggest a visit to the Mooseum and Tower. The Moose-

um would ockepy him a day at leest, and the Tower another. Thus I've derived considerable peace and comfort from them noble edifisses, and I hope they will long continner to grace your metropolis. There's my fren Col. Larkins, from Wisconsin, who I regret to say understands the Jamaica question, and wants to talk with me about it; I sent him to the Tower four days ago, and he hasn't got throogh with it yit. He likes it very much, and he writes me that he can't never thank me sufficient for directin him to so interestin a bildin. I writ him not to mention it. The Col. says it is fortnit we live in a intellectooal age which wouldn't countenance such infamus things as occurd in this Tower. I'm aware that it is fashin'ble to compliment this age, but I ain't so clear that the Col. is altogether right. This is a very respectable age, but it's pretty easily riled; and considerin upon how slight a provycation we who live in it go to cuttin each other's throats, it may perhaps be doubted whether our intellecks is so much massiver than our ancestors' intellecks was, after all.

I allus ride outside with the cabman. I am of humble parentage, but I have (if you will permit me to say so) the spirit of the eagle, which chafes when shut up in a four-wheeler, and I feel much eagler when I'm in the open air. So on the mornin on which I went to the Mooseum I lit a pipe, and callin a cab, I told the driver to take me there is quick as his Arabian charger could go. The driver was under the inflooence of beer, and narrerly escaped runnin over a aged

female in the match trade, whereupon I remonstratid with him. I said:

"That poor old woman may be the only mother of a young man like you." Then throwing considerable pathos into my voice, I said, "You have a mother?"

He said, "You lie!" I got down and called another cab, but said nothin to this driver about his parents.

The British Mooseum is a magnif'cent free show for the people. It is kept open for the benefit of all.

The humble costymonger, who traverses the busy streets with a cart containin all kinds of vegetables, such as carrots, turnips, etc., and drawn by a spirited jackass—he can go to the Mooseum and reap benefits therefrom as well as the lord of high degree.

"And this," I said, "is the British Mooseum! These noble walls," I continnerd, punching them with my umbreller to see if the masonry was all right—but I wasn't allowd to finish my enthoosiastic remarks, for a man with a gold band on his hat said, in a hash voice, that I must stop pokin the walls. I told him I would do so by all means. "You see," I said, taking hold of the tassel which waved from the men's belt, and drawin him close to me in a confidential way, "you see, I'm lookin round this Mooseum, and if I like it I shall buy it."

Instid of larfin hartily at these remarks, which was made in a goakin spirit, the man frowned darkly and walked away.

I first visited the stuffed animals, of which the gorillers interested me most. These simple-minded monsters live in Afriky, and are believed to be human beins to a slight extent, altho' they are not allowed to vote. In this department is one or two superior giraffes. I never woulded I were a bird, but I've sometimes wished I was a giraffe, on account of the long distance of his mouth to his stummuck. Hence, if he loved beer, one mugful would give him as much enjoyment while goin down as forty mugfuls would ordinary persons. And he wouldn't get intoxicated, which is a beastly way of amusin oneself, I must say. I like a little beer now and then, and when the teetotallers inform us, as they frekently do, that it is vile stuff, and that even the swine shrink from it, I say it only shows that the swine is a ass who don't know what's good; but to pour gin and brandy down one's throat as freely as though it were fresh milk, is the most idiotic way of goin to the devil I know of.

I enjoyed myself very much lookin at the Egyptian mummys, the Greek vasis, etc., but it occurrd to me there was rayther too many "Roman antiquitys of a uncertin date." Now, I like the British Mooseum, as I said afore, but when I see a lot of erthen jugs and pots stuck up on shelves, and all "of a uncertin date," I'm at a loss to 'zackly determin whether they are a thousand years old or was bought recent. I can cry like a child over a jug one thousand years of age, especially if it is a Roman jug; but a jug of a uncertin date doesn't overwhelm me

with emotions. Jugs and pots of a uncertin age is doubtless vallyable property, but, like the debentures of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, a man doesn't want too many of them.

I was debarred out of the great readin-room. A man told me I must apply by letter for admission, and that I must get somebody to testify that I was respectable. I'm a little fraid I shan't get in there. Seein a elderly gentleman, with a beneverlent-lookin face near by, I venturd to ask him if he would certify that I was respectable. He said he certainly would not, but he would put me in charge of a policeman, if that would do me any good. A thought struck me. "I refer you to *Mr Punch*," I said.

"Well," said a man, who had listened to my application, "you *have* done it now! You stood some chance before."

I will get this infamus wretch's name before you go to press, so you can denounce him in the present number of your excellent journal.

The statute of Apollo is a pretty slick statute. A young yeoman seemed deeply imprest with it. He viewd it with silent admiration. At home, in the beautiful rural districks where the daisy sweetly blooms, he would be swearin in a horrible manner at his bullocks, and whackin 'em over the head with a hayfork; but here, in the presence of Art, he is a changed bein.

I told the attendant that if the British nation would stand the expens of a marble bust of myself, I would willingly sit to some talented sculpist.

"I feel," I said, "that this a dooty I owe to posterity."

He said it was hily prob'l, but he was inclined to think that the British nation wouldn't care to enrich the Mooseum with a bust of me, altho' he venturd to think that if I paid for one myself it would be accepted cheerfully by Madam Tussaud, who would give it a prom'nent position in her Chamber of Horrers. The young man was very polite, and I thankt him kindly.

After visitin the Refreshment-room, and partakin of half a chicken "of a uncertin age," like the Roman antiquitys I have previsly spoken of, I prepared to leave. As I passed through the animal room, I observed with pane that a benevolint person was urgin the stufft elephant to accept a cold muffin, but I did not feel called on to remonstrate with him, any more than I did with two young persons of diff'rent sexes who had retired behind the Rynosserhoss to squeeze each other's hands. In fack, I rayther approved of the latter proceedin, for it carrid me back to the sunny spring-time of *my* life. I'm in the shear and yeller leaf now, but I don't forgit the time when to squeeze my Betsy's hand sent a thrill through me like follin off the roof of a two-story house; and I never squozed that gentle hand without wantin to do so some more, and feelin that it did me good.

Trooly yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

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